

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 9, 1977

15 CENTS

WHAT A COMEBACK!

USC and Anthony Davis shatter Notre Dame

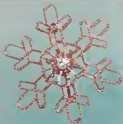




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Most of the diamond snowflakes you see here are priced under \$750. Participating jewelers have them now as part of their Christmas diamond collection.

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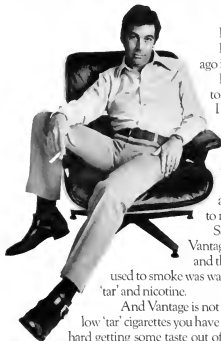
A diamond is forever.





Catch your woman a snowflake...

What I'm doing about smoking.



I'm smoking Vantage.
I took up smoking more than 15 years ago in the Marine Corps.
I started smoking then because I wanted to. I smoke now because I want to. And I intend to keep on smoking as long as I want to.

But that doesn't make me bury my head in the sand and ignore the stuff in the papers about smoking.

My attitude is, OK, if high 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes are a concern to me, I'd better do something about it. So I did. I started to smoke Vantage.

Vantage gives me the flavor of my old brand, and that takes some doing, because what I

used to smoke was way up there in 'tar' and nicotine.

And Vantage is not one of those low 'tar' cigarettes you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you end up not wanting to smoke it.

So what it really comes down to for me is smoking Vantage or my old cigarettes, because I enjoy smoking and don't want to give it up.

And if you feel the way I do, you'll enjoy smoking Vantage too.

James Shannon
New York, New York

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '74.

WE DON'T SETTLE FOR FIELD GOALS.

That's why the United States Marine Corps is a tough team to beat. And a tough team to make.

We want quality, not quantity.

If you've finished high school but haven't finished learning...

Or if you're a college man who is ready for leadership and responsibility...

If you've got it and you want to stand with the Marines, you'll be welcome.

Just keep one thing in mind: we make no compromises, no shortcuts, and only one promise—You'll be a Marine.

One of the few, and one of the finest.

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ARE LOOKING
FOR A FEW
GOOD MEN.**



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Next week

WIFFLE, the wits called the World Football League, but waffle is what the WFL did as it struggled toward the World Bowl through a season of disasters. Joe Marshall reports.

IT'S BEEN TRIED but never accomplished—crossing the Atlantic in a free balloon. Now Publisher Malcolm Forbes is ready to defy the odds in his craft of space-age design.

FIRST AND BEST and still going strong is Miss Clusse Nell Dunn, creator of the Kildare Rumpettes whose shows at ballgame often draw more cheers than the football games.

Announcing a mid-size car
in the Thunderbird Tradition.



THE 1975 FORD

Elite



Elite shown with optional WSW tires, deluxe bumper group, glass Moonroof, dual accent body-side paint stripes and deep dish aluminum wheels.

Ford Elite combines the operating economy of a mid-size car with styling and luxury in the Thunderbird tradition. And in the Thunderbird tradition of value, Elite comes to you complete. Unique twin opera windows and grained vinyl roof. Driving conveniences standard, like 351 CID V-8, power steering, power front disc brakes, SelectShift transmission and steel-belted radial ply tires.

Elite is available with power-operated Moonroof and other



Elite Interior Decor Group option with AM radio, automatic speed control.

Thunderbird inspired options. And it's designed with a big 26½ gallon fuel tank which means a cruising range you can really rely on. The personal luxury mid-size Ford Elite for 1975. Built for the way you drive today.

THE CLOSER YOU LOOK,
THE BETTER WE LOOK.

FORD ELITE

FORD DIVISION



To know pipe tobacco you have to know tobacco plant anatomy.



Like people, all tobacco leaves are created equal. Only some are more equal than others. It mostly depends upon what part of the stalk you come from.

With pipe tobacco, if you're an upper stalk leaf you're in high society. But if you're lower stalk tobacco, you're just one of the common folk.

TOBACCO STALK TALK

A tobacco stalk not only has its own social strata, it also has its own vocabulary. Let's start at the bottom and work our way up.

PRIMINGS: These are the first leaves to ripen on the lower half of the stalk. Which is their problem as far as good pipe tobaccos are concerned. Because primings are first to mature, they tend to be over-ripe. Primings smoke mild, but offer very little in the taste and flavor departments.

LUGS: More often than not these leaves are thin and highly delicate. Therefore, they have to be handled as carefully as bent china. Lugs do not provide many pluses for superior pipe tobaccos. Their taste is bland and they deliver very little bouquet or character. The saving grace for lugs is that they help a blend burn evenly.

CUTTERS: Ideally, cutters are harvested at the peak of their maturity. Most of the time these mid-point leaves straddle the line between good and also-rans. (Many are so good they often find their way into the Amphora blend.) The main attributes of cutters are their "body" and good color.

LEAVES: Now we've arrived at the really good stuff. Leaves usually fetch the highest prices because they are fully matured and require shorter periods of aging and fermenting. Leaves are the best looking tobaccos. They're also thicker and firmer than the downtown leaves which makes them easier to handle. But their most desired qualities are character, bouquet and flavor.

TIPS: If selected correctly tips are the "real thing" when it comes to quality pipe tobaccos. Because tips remain in the fields after the other leaves have been harvested all the nutritional elements rise up from the roots, through the stalk, directly and solely to the tips. Potentially, therefore, there is an overwhelming amount of "goodness" in tips. But since tips are picked before they are fully ripened they require aging and fermenting to arouse their latent excellence.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

We're not going to stand here and tell you that we use only upper stalk tobaccos in Amphora. Because we don't. Nobody does. It's just that some pipe tobaccos use more lower stalk leaves than others. We use enough of the lower stalk tobaccos to make Amphora burn evenly. (See information on lugs.) Other than that we're an upper-stalk blend.

There are two ways for us to obtain these better tobaccos. The first method is to pay top dollar at tobacco auctions all over the world. And that we do more often than not.

The second way is more difficult and requires an experienced eye. Our competitors examine but often do not buy some of the leaves we desire. As an example, because leaves have a better appearance than tips they command a higher price. But we know that tips have greater intrinsic value because of all the "sleeping" nutrients they possess. Other pipe tobacco manufacturers will not go to the expense or will not take the time to wake up these dormant qualities.

We have over 200 years of experience in bringing out the best in pipe tobaccos.



OUR SECRET CAVENDISH PROCESS MAKES IT HAPPEN

Buying top grade tobaccos is one thing. Knowing what to do with them is another. It takes a great deal of time and experience to bring out the best of the leaves that we buy from around the world. For instance we age and ferment our tobacco for over a year. Just to make them mellow and soft smoking. Extra mild.

And later, when we press these upper stalk tobaccos into our Cavendish "cakes", all the character, flavor and pleasing aroma emerge to be forever united into one great pipe tobacco.

Named Amphora.

This is the fourth in a series of advertisements that explain how pipe tobaccos are grown and blended. If you desire a complete set of these ads please write: President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311

P.S. If you have any questions about pipes and pipe tobacco, please address your inquiries to our President at the above address.



GM



For 1975, we've left Camaro's styling pretty much alone—on the theory that when a car looks this good, you shouldn't fool with it.

So we widened the rear window a bit, added some new colors, put on some new emblems, then turned our attention to mechanical things.

Efficiency System.

The big news is the Chevrolet Efficiency System—a series of significant engineering improvements working together to help the new Camaro run leaner (meaning more economically) ... run cleaner (meaning fewer pollutants) ... and save you money in a number of ways.

Improved fuel economy.

All 1975 Camaros with standard engines are designed to bring you improved fuel economy, thanks to the Efficiency System, with its new engine tuning and easy-rolling GM-Specification steel-belted radial ply tires.

The 6-cylinder engine has been revamped for 1975, with the accent on efficiency.

Surer starting.

High Energy Ignition, standard on all 1975 Camaros, delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than that of conventional ignition systems. Our aim was to give you quicker starts on cold or humid

mornings, plus efficient combustion at all speeds.

Faster warm-ups, too.

Camaro's new Early Fuel Evaporation, standard on all models, is designed to help reduce stall and chugging when you first start out. The automatic choke cuts out quicker, too, which can



help save some gas on short runs in cold weather.

Better performance.

For 1975, our sporty little compact is designed to perform noticeably better than Camaros of the last few years.

With catalytic converters taking over most of the emission control work, our engines can concentrate on delivering what Chevy engines have long been known for, namely, smooth, responsive, efficient performance.

1975 CAMARO.

**IT RUNS LEANER.
IT RUNS CLEANER.
IT SAVES YOU MONEY
EVERY MILE.**

Drive a new Camaro and see.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

With High Energy Ignition, you don't have points or an ignition condenser to replace. And spark plugs, instead of lasting 6,000 miles or so, should now last up to 22,500 miles.

Tune-ups, as we've known them, will be simpler and further apart.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.

For 1975, we've been able to extend recommended maintenance on Camaro as follows: Oil change and chassis lube—every six months or 7,500 miles, an increase of two months or 1,500 miles.



Oil filter change—first 7,500 miles then every 15,000, an increase of 1,500 miles for the first change and 3,000 miles for the ones later on.

Automatic transmission fluid change—every 30,000 miles, an increase of 6,000 miles over last year.

All that, plus cleaner air.

With the catalytic converters and no-lead fuel used in the 1975 Camaros, we've met the new Federal emission reductions.

Exhaust hydrocarbons are down 50% from 1974.

Carbon monoxide is reduced 46%.



Sport Coupe or Type LT?

With its sporty looks and handling, Camaro has been a mighty appealing car right along.

Now, with its added efficiency, we think you'll find it virtually irresistible.

Which would you prefer—the reasonably priced Sport Coupe, or the luxurious Type LT?

Your Chevrolet dealer will be anxiously awaiting your answer.

Go see him soon.

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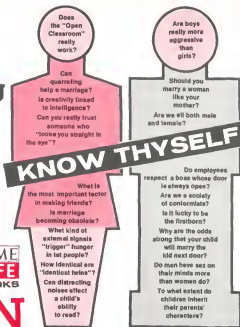
A new series of books to help you understand your family, your friends, your neighbors and yourself as never before



INDIVIDUALS VS. SOCIETY can produce scenes like this. A court ordered that this young orphan be taken from her foster mother, whom she had come to love, and returned to her aunt and uncle.



LOOK-ALIKES such as these identical twins have given psychologists revealing insights into the development of individual personalities.





WHICH drowning women would you save?

You are in a canoe with your mother and your wife, neither of whom can swim. The canoe capsizes. Which do you save? An African group came up with dramatically different answers that cast revealing light on how we view the family unit.

WHAT do people want in their leaders?

Ever wonder why so many leaders, political and otherwise, are not bolder and more imaginative? According to psychological studies, the answer lies in the acceptable limits set by us, as a group.



WHEN is it not wrong to "just daydream"?

Everyone daydreams, and many feel guilty about it. But studies of daydreaming reveal its role in mental health.

WHERE do racial differences come from?

Some have evolved in response to climate. The Eskimo's fatty upper eye lid narrows the eye to a slit, protecting against Arctic glare and cold.

WHY do kids seem to grow up so fast these days?

If you think it's just an illusion, statisticians gathered over the past century will surprise you.

Here is a clear, complete and utterly fascinating explanation of contemporary breakthroughs in the understanding of human behavior—in a dynamic new series from TIME-LIFE Books that can help you make sense of the thoughts and actions of your family, friends and yourself as never before.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR answers hundreds of questions you've always had about what makes people tick. It sets forth as clearly as a daily newspaper—and with the pictorial excitement you expect from TIME-LIFE Books—the latest findings in psychology, psychiatry, sociology, anthropology and child development. It's all about you and the people you live with, work with, mix with, love, hate.

Your character, attitudes explained. HUMAN BEHAVIOR will explore why you act the way you do. What makes you the type of person you are—timid or aggressive, happy or moody. How you learn, retain and use the knowledge you acquire. The fears, prejudices and beliefs that determine your attitudes to people around you.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR will deal with sexual relationships and marriage. With the aggravations, jealousies and bitter arguments that can lead to divorce. And with the love, tenderness and companionship that hold people together. It will show how marriage is changing. And discuss your role as husband or wife, lover, parent, and as spouse or daughter to your own parents.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR will examine your relationships with the people outside your family. With how you choose your friends. How you mix with others or keep to yourself. Organize your social life. And are accepted—or rejected—by the groups you would like to be

part of. It will focus on the role you play as employer or worker, leader or follower, conformist or innovator. On the drives you have for status, power and money.

How you deal with pressure, aggression

This exciting series will also investigate your everyday reactions to the pressures of the world around you. It will examine the cause and effects of stress. Why some of us remain well adjusted while others turn to alcohol or drugs, get deeply depressed or even psychotic. It will review various forms of therapy today: group dynamics, encounter sessions, psychiatry, hypnosis. It will look at acceptable—and unacceptable—forms of aggression. And it will look ahead to possible developments in man's behavior in the years ahead.

The postpaid card will bring you the introductory volume, *The Individual*, for free 10-day examination. Then you may return it or keep it for only \$6.95 plus shipping and handling and continue to receive another volume in the series on approval every other month as explained in the reply card. Other volumes will include *Men and Women*, *Man: The Social Animal*, *Man and the Organization*, *The Family*, and *How We Learn*. There is no obligation to buy any books and you may cancel your subscription at any time. (If card has been removed, mail coupon.)

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some, inferior to others? How can you recognize and activate your creative powers? How do you change during your lifetime? You'll learn all this and much more in the first volume of this enlightening series, entitled *The Individual*, yours to examine free for 10 days. Mail the postpaid card or the coupon below.

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Shopwalk

by MARK KRAM

A GIFT FOR A CHILD WITH EVERYTHING: ROSEBUD FOR A BUDDING CITIZEN KANE

First, there was the look of the sky, dark and surly by daylight, then an angry orange toward evening. By dawn, as sure as your feet would hit the icy bedroom floor, it would be there: snow. It was magic, turning the pockets of the city into tiny rural villages, making the ganglia of streetcar wires and telephone poles into odd sculpture and, most of all, staying the execution of another school day.

Winters do not seem to assault the East like that anymore. To me, the snows come without heart, and maybe that is the reason it is difficult to recall the last time I saw a kid with a sled trailing behind him. The thought occurs after hearing how the snails, the farmers and a professor at MIT have warned of the severe winter ahead. It was not too long ago when such prospects would have been exciting; a sled without snow was quite dispiriting.

It was even more annoying if you were fortunate enough to own a Flexible Flyer. The Roll-Royce of sleds, it became as much a part of a young boy's winters as the Louisville Slugger belonged to his summers. It was the gift that meant more than anything else, and even after you grew older and the body could not handle the whump of a good belly flop down a steep piece of topography, the Flyer was always isolated in the mind. Remember the dying Orson Welles in *Citizen Kane*: the last word he spoke was "Rosebud"; it was the name of his sled, the only possession that seemed to matter to a man who had had it all.

The market for the Flexible Flyer is not what it used to be. The age of acrylics and double knits has moved into the world of sledging. The sleds have taken the form of plastic saucers, because of rising costs. They are easier for a child to carry uphill, we are told, better for him than dragging the heavier sled. The manufacturers say the plastic "sleds" are safer, with no moving parts and fewer complications. For many, though, the feeling received from a good run down a hill far outweighed any discomfort of towing the Flyer back up the slope. This was done again and again until the snow gradually vanished under the weak reflection of the streetlights.

The Flexible Flyer was given its trade name by the S. L. Allen Company of Philadelphia. It was Samuel Leeds Allen himself who designed the sled, supposedly for his two daughters away at school who wanted one that could be steered in any direction, in order to help the pilot avoid obstacles along

QUIET. HANDSOME. AND NOW EVEN SHARPER.

the way. After many false attempts, Allen built and patented the first flexible-runner sled in 1889. His model was the first that could be steered by hand.

Millions of Flyers were made by S. L. Allen. Besides the Flexible Flyer, the company also produced the Yankee Clipper line of lower-priced sleds and the Flexy Racer that had wheels instead of runners for children living in climates without snow. The Flyer celebrated its 80th birthday in 1969, shortly after the Allen Company was bought by Leisure Group, of California (California!) and a toy manufacturer, Blazon of Ohio. After several years the conglomerate sold its sled holdings to Blazon. The Flyer is still produced in six different sizes (41", 45", 48", 52", 56", 60"), and prices range from \$13 to \$25.

The total sled production of Blazon-Flexible Flyer this year is estimated at 350,000; in the sledding business a good snowfall before Christmas is the best advertisement. Still, many stores that used to sell Flyers no longer carry them. The kids of today prefer other types: toboggans made of high impact plastic, snow jetmobiles and saucers with simulated jets in the back.

According to Frederic Birmingham, a sort of historian of the sled, "There's just no end to the sentiment about a Flexible Flyer." He recalls one man from Miami who carried his Flyer around the country like a security blanket. "When he settled down," says Birmingham, "he had a yen to make a coffee table out of his sled. But the label had worn off, and he wondered how to get another. The company provided it, and now he has a great new emblem of the American eagle that you can see on his still flexible—though no longer flying—coffee table."

Throughout history man has always found a way to move on snow. First, he used animal bones as runners. The earliest coasters had wooden runners, then iron, but they were hard to control and frequently the passenger ended up in a gully or around a fireplace. Then along came Samuel Allen with his "little miracle of the snow." The old man had a lot of competitors, but he managed to stay a fraction in front of them. In 1932, for instance, the company introduced "super steering" to the sled, and in 1938 rounded runner ends were added for safety purposes.

Under a Christmas tree, its steel runners gleaming, that arrogant eagle riding the arrow, the Flyer was truly without equal. It is far from what most kids ask for these days, things like electronic calculators and jet-powered saucers. Passed on from generation to generation, some Flyers have become antiques, the feature of suburban garage sales. Many still remain, but they now hang on pegs in attics and musty cellars.

If you want a new one, you probably should buy it soon, before the Flyers, the snow and the desire are all gone. **END**



Improvements add up. For the Kodak Carousel custom H projector, they add up to a unit that projects a beautiful image.

Consider the latest one. Because film in cardboard and plastic slide mounts curves slightly, your pictures can be slightly out of focus at the edges. And so Kodak has introduced a curved-field projection lens specifically designed to compensate for that slight curve—for a sharper image from edge to edge.

All Kodak Carousel H projectors, including the quietly handsome custom H series, now come with this new lens as standard. It's the f/2.8 Kodak projection Ektanar C lens. Two optional lenses, including a zoom lens, are also available.

The new Carousel custom 840H shown with auto-focus is less than \$208. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than \$75, at your photo dealer's.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

KODAK
CAROUSEL
CUSTOM H
PROJECTOR
FOR YOUR FAMILY TREE



A scenic landscape of a desert valley. In the foreground, there are sandy dunes with sparse desert vegetation. A river flows through the middle ground, surrounded by lush green trees and shrubs. In the background, there are rugged, rocky mountains under a clear sky. A cowboy on horseback is visible on the right side of the river, riding along its edge.

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Which one of these 171 places is the best place for you to buy auto insurance?

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN TARDLEY

FLOCKS OF GLOSSY GIFTS FOR XMAS,
BUT THEIR PRICE IS FOR THE BIRDS

It may have escaped your attention (it certainly had mine), but birds have become a hot item. That, at least, is one conclusion to be drawn from the sudden outpouring of sumptuous bird books. To buy even one of them requires a hefty nest egg: to buy the lot might put you in debtors' goal.

Of those that seem aimed directly at the Christmas-gift trade, two are particularly attractive. In *The Living World of Audubon* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$25), Roland C. Clement has successfully brought off an imaginative idea. Sixty-four reproductions of Audubon prints are accompanied by photographs of the same birds in their contemporary habitats. The photos are lovely, but what is most important is that they underscore the nearly photographic accuracy of Audubon's work.

There are more beautiful photographs in Jürgen Nicolai's *Bird Life* (Putnam, \$25), and again the purpose is more than to brighten coffee tables. In his text, Nicolai traces the evolution of birds around the world and discusses various aspects of bird behavior. The photographs complement the text stunningly; one could not ask for better color reproduction. There is also a lengthy introduction by Konrad Lorenz.

A bird book of a different feather is Mark Catesby's *Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahamas*, published by Beehive Press. Catesby was an 18th-century naturalist and an artist of impressive skills. You can add him to your library for the nifty price of \$545; of which \$500 is for a portfolio of 50 plates, \$45 for a bound catalog volume. However, they can be bought separately. The address is 321 Barnard St., Savannah, Ga. 31401. This production seems to me to fall into the Neiman-Marcus category, more interesting for its pretentiousness than for its literary or esthetic qualities.

And then there is *Bird Life of Texas* (University of Texas Press, two volumes, slipcased, \$60). This is the culmination of work begun more than 70 years ago by the ornithologist Harry Oberholser and continued after his death in 1963 by Edgar Kincaid. In breadth and depth of research and observation, this book is a monument. It is of far more than regional interest, both because of its superb scholarship and because about two-thirds of North American birds have been sighted in Texas. There are many black-and-white photos, and 36 color plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. For a serious student of birds, this is the book.

END

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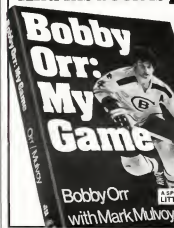
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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

THE COMMISSIONER HOMERS

If George Steinbrenner does not yet understand the seriousness of the crimes to which he pleaded guilty in Federal court, Bowie Kuhn, a lawyer, does. His action in suspending the principal owner of the New York Yankees from any connection with the club for the next two years was his finest hour as Commissioner of Baseball.

Legally, Kuhn may have overstepped his authority. After all, there is no law that says a person who made illegal campaign contributions and attempted to influence employees to make false statements to a Federal grand jury, as Steinbrenner admitted, must disassociate himself from gainful employment. Operationally, too, Kuhn is on soft ground. He has no real enforcement powers if Steinbrenner flouts the ruling and runs the Yankees covertly.

But behind him Kuhn has a fine baseball tradition launched by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis after the Black Sox scandal of 1919 and continued by Ford Frick in 1953 when he induced Fred Saigh, convicted of income tax evasion, to sell the St. Louis Cardinals. And, hopefully, he has the owners, who will see Steinbrenner's heavy sarcasm of last week—"It is certainly a wonderful Thanksgiving present" and "It's impossible to understand how the Commissioner of Baseball could call me incompetent"—for what it is, a threat to them. As Kuhn said, "Attempting to influence employees to behave dishonestly is the kind of misconduct which, if ignored by baseball, would undermine the public's confidence in our game."

OUT-OF-TOWN FRYOUT

As promotions go, this one laid an egg, with bacon. How 76er General Manager Pat Williams could even think of booking it is a mystery, but it does seem to help explain why Philadelphians are so often considered bootful.

At any rate, the halftime highlight at a recent 76er game was Chick, the sing-

ing pig, accompanied by three fellow porkers and a trio of hens, boo bait in any town. To give him his due, Chick performed amiably during warmups, skidding successfully down a 10-foot slide, but then it came time to croon. All Chick could manage was an occasional bellow delivered in a flat oink. The act was bombing when one of the backups, turning critic, relieved himself at center court. That was the high-water mark. Before the barnyard revue was herded off to its just reward it got a roasting. A newspaper headline caught the spirit of the thing: **KNICKS WHIP 76ERS, PK BOOED.**

"What did they expect," asked Williams, "grand opera?"

SWEET SMELL OF FAILURE

A sweet tooth does not a sweet play make. So, in more scholarly language, says a report issued by the Department of Nutrition and Dietetics of the University of Montreal after a yearlong study of the effects of sugar on athletic performance.

An amateur hockey team was evaluated for performance, resistance to fatigue and playing ability. The control group was free to consume candy and chocolate bars, while the rest of the team was split into a sugar-free group and a test group given increasing sugar diets over an eight-month period. The sugar eaters, said the report, saw their ability to play drop to the level of incompetence as more and more gum and chocolate were added to their diets. Neither pep talks nor putdowns by teammates were sufficient to restore the original level of performance. Each youth on the sugar diet "had a severely weakened metabolism and was physically inferior to the rest of the team. Digestion of sugar and sugar substitutes in the candy robbed the body of its energy at the time when the game called for maximum ability. Concentration, resistance and physical strength dropped surprisingly, even for small amounts of sugar ingested."

Meanwhile, those on sugar-free diets improved their performances by 63%. In other words, where athletes are concerned, a sugar shortage would be a plus.

OH

Michael Morris, an Irish jump rider from Tipperary and son of Lord Killanin, president of the International Olympic Committee, turned professional early this year. "My father didn't object," said young Morris. "Eventually, you need the money."

ODOR IN THE COURT

It is 16 months now since four people were arrested during a stakeout of a trout hatchery some 10 miles from Kitchener, Ontario, and after 10 court appearances everybody—the judge, the prosecutor and the defense—agrees on one point. The case smells.



What, for the lack of a better word, ranks the trial night up there with the seamiest exploits of Dr. Moriarty is the evidence, an eight-pound trout that was seized on a search warrant. Constable Frank Wheeler, who has had custody of the trout since July 9, 1973, trots it out of his freezer every time the case is called up and plunks it down on a table in the courtroom. After a while the corpus is undelicious and everyone present gets the distinct impression that justice would be better served if it, or they, were someplace else. One time out, the evidence thawed for nine hours.

"Once the case was adjourned because the accused went fishing with one of the witnesses," Wheeler says. "Then the

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

judge was sick. Then the defense lawyer was sick and couldn't make it."

Soon, perhaps, nobody will make it, and the case, or the evidence, will be thrown out of court without further airing. Let us hope.

SUMO ARE ICUMEN IN

For centuries Japan has flattered the nations of the rest of the world by borrowing freely from their cultures. A fairly recent trend in sports in the Island Empire has been the importation of stars, first baseball players from the United States, then ice hockey players from Canada, soccer players from South America and rugby players from New Zealand. But sumo wrestlers? Ah so.

This latest wrinkle appeared when Daigoro Takamiyama (originally Jesse Kuhaulua of Hawaii) showed up in Tokyo. Then King Taufa'ahua Tupou IV of the tiny South Pacific kingdom of Tonga learned that Japan was running short of its mountainous wrestling men. The Tongans are a big people and Tupou IV, who weighs in at a heroic 360 pounds himself and knows sumo well, volunteered to help out. The result: four towering Tongan youths left last month for Tokyo in hopes of becoming genuine copies of sumo champs—or even the real thing, made in Japan.

RATED X

The proprietor of a Somerset, England movie house has a growing problem: rabbits. They were left over from a magic show when the theater still presented live acts, and the gentleman is desperate to make them vanish. Probably going about it in the wrong way. Top hats and loose sleeves are the only solution. Everybody knows that.

COACHING CLINIC

Looking back on the season, UCLA Football Coach Dick Vermell no doubt wishes he had kept to himself the advice he gave his nephew Louis Giammona a couple of years ago. If he wanted to make it in major college football at his size—5'9" and 176 pounds—Louie would have to convert to split end, Uncle Dick said. But Louie wanted to run, and he listened to his uncle Al Vermell, Dick's brother and a former Utah State linebacker, who thought Louie could run to his heart's content at the old alma mater. Louie has.

Saturday, Louie Giammona closed out the season as the leading all-purpose

running back in the nation. He also led the nation in rushing yards per game, at 153.4. He would have done better if he had not outrun his blocking so frequently, but above all he is durable, "glued together real sturdy," says his coach, Phil Kraeger. Against Idaho, Giammona ran for 247 yards to break the school record in that category; it marked the third best one-game rushing performance by a major college back this season.

"The longer and more he runs in a game," says Kraeger, "the stronger he seems to get. The decision we usually had to make was whether to run him a lot on shorter gain patterns or run him less and go for long yardage. Sometimes we used him as a decoy because everybody was keying on him."

"I just wanted to show my Uncle Dick that I can run for a major college team," Giammona says. He knows, Louie, he knows.

WHAT KEPT YOU, SALT?

Cheers, everybody, and back to the drawing board to design some salmon lemps. Fifteen years and £100 million after the great cleanup of the Thames River began, an eight-pound 4½-ounce female salmon was caught a quarter of the way up to London. She was the first recorded salmon catch in the Thames since 1833 and the chief scientific officer of the Thames Water Authority, the splendidly named Hugh Fish, expects more. "We shall now have to help the fish over the up-river locks," he said, beaming. "The fish need to reach Oxfordshire to spawn, but it will happen."

CALL OF THE NORTH

Expansion and the accompanying dilution of talent have not treated professional hockey in the manner to which it hoped to become accustomed. Tempers, particularly among Canadian executives, have grown short, and one National Hockey League official has told a friend that the long-rumored move to establish a league for Canadian cities only was no longer just a threat.

Hockey essentially is a gate-receipts sport, and in both the NHL and the World Hockey Association crowds are down or, in the cases of new franchises, have not developed as expected. In Montreal, where Forum season subscribers once willed their seats, the Canadiens have been advertising Toronto and Bos-

ton, which for years sold out, are not filling up. Washington and Kansas City, with huge investments and new arenas, are averaging 8,238 and 8,405, far below capacity and not enough to keep them healthy financially. Chicago and Michigan in the WHA are worse off, averaging barely 3,000 each.

The NFL has denied that it will cut team rosters next season from 47 to 36 players, but already both hockey leagues have drastically reduced the number of players that they own directly. In past years it was not uncommon for a team to list 20 or so on the major league roster and spot another 30 or 40 on minor league teams. Now most list the varsity and only a dozen or so prospects.

The Canadians feel that the leagues increasingly represent U.S. money men who, in their eyes, cannot tell the difference between a hockey stick and a share of Avon. If and when they do break away, the Canadian league probably would look something like this. Montreal Canadiens, Toronto Maple Leafs, Winnipeg Jets, Edmonton Oilers, Vancouver Blazers, Quebec Nordiques, Calgary Somersings, Toronto Toros and possibly teams from Ottawa and the Maritimes. The winner among these conceivably would meet the best of the U.S. teams in the Stanley Cup.

ROAD OF THE CROWD

Several times this season, because of fan furor, National Football League games have been delayed for almost as long as it used to take to play a quarter. 22 minutes in New Orleans one week. Not once has an official penalized the home team, which is not surprising since there is no rule calling for such a penalty. If you remember one, you are right, but it was rescinded when the league decided it was unfair to the home team. The strategy is for the home bench to raise arms and plead while the rival quarterback waits patiently for a hole in the wall of noise to open up. He can hold out three days if he has to, a league official said. TV would love that, football's equivalent to a delayed baseball game with all those exciting shots of raindrops pelting the tarpaulin.

THE GAME'S GAME

At adjacent Harvard Stadium the varsity football teams were scheduled to settle the small matter of an Ivy League title a few hours hence. But on an ob-

scure touch football field a larger battle raged between the political science departments. It was, after all, a contest of philosophies as well as wills. Would the Harvard Theorists, weak on behavior but strong on vision, beat the Yale Empiricists?

"We will win," said a Yale behaviorist, "because Harvard refuses to let its graduate students play. It's a typical example of statist thinking." All that the department chairmen, James O. Wilson of Harvard and Yale's Joseph LaPalombara, had agreed to, however, was that there be at least three professors playing continually for each team.

The game began less on a note of aggression than confinement. Yale owed an 8-6 lead to a safety, which many of the scholarly spectators mistook for a touchback. Indeed, the only record being set was for largest number of players wearing glasses. Early in the second half Harvard scored a go-ahead touchdown following a controversial interference penalty that set up a first down on the Yale two-yard line. Yale Captain Douglas Roe protested. "It's easy to confuse your legitimate belief in fairness with your own self-interest," scoffed a Harvard player. "You must be comatose."

Yale rallied to win 14-12 on an empirical plunge by Joe Morone. Not that any of the issues were settled. Some Yale players admitted Morone might have gone out of bounds before scoring. LaPalombara insisted, "It's a victory for people who know how to handle the real world." Wilson, sidelined when he injured his knee stepping where a dog had paused, was unmoved. "We'll be at Yale next year," he said, "if we have to pay our way down there with a slush fund."

THEY SAID IT

- Chuck Foreman, Viking running back, on his reserved behavior after scoring: "I'm cool on the outside, but inside it's like a thousand little kids jumping up and down on Christmas morning."
- LaVell Edwards, Brigham Young coach, after an invitation to play in the Fiesta Bowl: "I've been to the Fiesta Bowl the last two years. It will certainly be nice to take the team with me."
- Frank Shorter, Olympic champion, asked why he runs the marathon: "Because I'm good at it."
- Alex Karras, on his golf game: "My best score ever is 103. But I've only been playing 15 years."

END

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RETURN OF OLD GOGGLE-EYES

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was back with a sound hand and a new look, and the Bucks were clearly relieved. But the big man answers only the largest of their problems

by PAT PUTNAM

Now that Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has returned, his right hand healed and his soulful left eye safe behind great goggles, the Milwaukee Bucks are settling in to play some powerful basketball, and they probably will. Along about next March. Oh, sure, they have won a few since Abdul-Jabbar came back and they'll win a lot more between now and spring. But if things fall as they expect, come March the team the Bucks will have become would be able to spot this unpolished bunch 15 points and still win in a laughter. "All I can see ahead is a lot of hard work," growled Coach Larry Costello, who drilled his troops hard for two hours on Thanksgiving morning before giving them the rest of the day off.

It may come as a surprise to those who still believe that the Bucks could win with Abdul-Jabbar and four midgets, but Milwaukee of the moment, even with the big man, is not the same club that came within a game of winning it all last season. In May, Jim Price was with the Lakers and George Thompson was still in the ABA. Steve Kuberski and Walt Wesley, the new back-up center, were both playing part time with their NBA clubs. And Kevin Restani and Gary Brokaw were in college. It is a long ton of new talent, but the Bucks' offense is only slightly less complicated than that, say, of the Dallas Cowboys, and no one learns it overnight. Or in a couple of months.

Still, in the preseason there were Abdul-Jabbar and Bobby Dandridge and Lucius Allen, and there would have been

Oscar Robertson, only he retired in a huff when the Bucks tried to rewrite his \$250,000-a-year contract. The stinger was that the team wanted to take the no-cut clause out of the contract in order to put him on next season's expansion list—if there is one—and Robertson elected instead to expand to CBS as a color analyst. Robertson was not all that quick anymore, but he was the guy who had shifted the offensive gears, and when he retired the Bucks found themselves, for the moment, in reverse.

Then, during an exhibition game, Abdul-Jabbar went up for a ball and came down with a severely scratched left eyeball. Outraged at that, he slugged the backboard post and broke his right hand. Bucks Trainer Bill Bates winced.

"How could I have done anything so stupid?" Abdul-Jabbar asked him.

"Why do 10 million people kick waste baskets?" replied Bates.

Suddenly not only were the Bucks without the greatest center in basketball, they were without any at all. Dick Cunningham, who was supposed to be Abdul-Jabbar's back-up, was injured himself. And, as General Manager

Wayne Embry found out, good centers were simply not available. (It wasn't until last week that he found Wesley, who had been put on waivers by Philadelphia.)

The Bucks decided to go in other directions. They moved Cornell Warner, a 6'9" power forward, into the pivot. Restani, a 6'10" rookie forward, became his back-up. They got Kuberski, another forward, from New Orleans. And as the losses piled up, the Bucks found that although they had a lot of fine guards, they had none who could bring the ball up-court. Lucius Allen wasn't doing the old Robertson job, and that left only the shooters—Thompson, veteran Jon McGlocklin and the rookie Brokaw, who was faster on his feet than in development. "We needed someone like a Robertson, and we were giving up too many points at guard," Costello admitted, and early in November the Bucks shocked a lot of people by trading Allen straight-up to Los Angeles for Price. "He's amazing," said Costello of Price. "As a playmaker, he's not a Dave Bing or a Nate Archibald, but he did a great job last year when he had to step in after Jerry West was injured. He's totally involved with playing and winning. He wants to know everything about the game. This kid can talk basketball intelligently for hours."

While Price has been working at lo-

continued

Abdul-Jabbar's eyeballs are just in range of other men's fingertips—hence the goggles.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LACRO





BUCKS is worried

cating the gearshift lever, Costello has had other problems. "We got so many new people around here it's like starting an expansion team," he said. "Guys come, guys go. Can't seem to get a team together, to get anything established, and here we are a quarter of the way through the season."

The Bucks lost their first two, beat Chicago and then lost their next 11. At the end of the losing streak Dandridge, who was coming on strongly as the team's leader, responded bitterly to Costello's suggestion that perhaps some booing from the crowds would bring the Bucks back to "reality."

"We don't have anybody who's a regular center," he snapped. "What are we supposed to do? I think all the guys should be commended for busting their butts to win without a real center. We can't play any harder than we've been playing."

None too soon, Abdul-Jabbar returned. "We knew the hand would heal," said Bates. "Bones mend, no matter what. It was the eye we were worried about. And so was he. The doctor said there was some scarring already in the white of the eyeball because of repeated injuries. Between us, we decided he should wear protective goggles."

The goggles are made of shatter-proof Plexiglas, and the first pair have proved less than satisfactory. Not wide enough,

Jim Price, acquired to run the offense, has a lot to learn about Milwaukee's patterns.

they block the big center's peripheral vision. New ones, with harder-coated lenses and three inches wider, have been ordered.

On the road trip during which he was supposed to return to action, Abdul-Jabbar got as far as Kansas City and discovered that he had forgotten to pack the goggles. Back in Milwaukee, Bucks public-relations director John Steinmiller was dispatched to the center's apartment to find them. A building superintendent let Steinmiller into Abdul-Jabbar's apartment. No glasses. Steinmiller called the press table at the arena in Kansas City and asked for Bates.

"Is this a joke? We're playing a game," said Bates after being called to the phone. "Hell, no," said Steinmiller. "It's me—John. I'm in Kareem's apartment. Hey, does he have any dogs in here?" "Has anything bitten you?" "No."

"Then there aren't any dogs. What's up?"

Steinmiller said he couldn't find the goggles. "Hey, Kareem," Bates yelled down to the bench, "where did you leave the goggles?" Abdul-Jabbar hollered back helpful advice. The coffee table? No. The couch? No. The closet? No. His bedroom? No. Finally Abdul-Jabbar got on the phone himself and eventually Steinmiller located the goggles in the center's black Mercedes. "It was unreal," said Bates. "Here a game is going on and we're yelling back and forth for a full quarter trying to find the goggles."

Sensibly goggled, Abdul-Jabbar made his first start in New York. Costello hadn't expected to use him quite so quickly, but after the Knicks' center, John Gaudin, scored five quick points against Warner he made the decision. In went Abdul-Jabbar to hold Gaudin to just four more points, to score 17 himself, to haul down 10 rebounds and block four shots. The Bucks won 90-72.

"My legs were great but I got winded," said Kareem. "I asked Larry to take me out at the end. I played scared. I just wanted to get through without any incident. Am I going to continue to wear the goggles? Of course. I'm down to my last pair of eyeballs."

Milwaukee returned home to lose to Los Angeles 105-102, and then beat divisional rivals Kansas City-Omaha

102-99 and Chicago 101-99 in double overtime. That lifted the Bucks' record to 6-14, which is not as bad as it might seem, for no one else in their division is playing much better. Through last Sunday, Kansas City-Omaha was 12-10, Detroit 11-10 and Chicago 10-11.

"With Kareem playing the last seven weeks we'd be sitting up there nice and loose," said Costello. "We've been lucky no one else is running away from us. Now we have to go to work."

Costello never stops working, and usually when he isn't adding something new to his offense, he is *thinking* of adding something new. He puts in new plays and then demands execution. It is tough on the players, especially the new ones.

"It's not complex," says Costello.

"It's complex all right," says Dandridge.

Luke Abdul-Jabbar, Dandridge has been with the Bucks since 1969. "What seems easy to Costello is very difficult to a lot of players," he says. "If we lose, he switches us up—calls it simplifying the offense. In my five years the basic offense has never changed. It's just that there are so many options. A guy just coming in, seeing a new offense every third day, he gets confused."

Dandridge was standing beside the court in Milwaukee watching some of his teammates take extra shooting practice.

Costello's options keep the Bucks hopping.



Cornell Warner came into the arena. "What are you doing here?" Dandridge asked.

"I'm just making sure they don't put in any new plays while I'm not looking," Warner said.

Dandridge shook his head. "It's like being in a math class. It's going to keep up with the developments every day. What happens today is the key to four or five new plays a few days from now. I can see if a guy isn't sound fundamentally he'd be in a lot of trouble with Larry's system."

There are other adjustments for new men. "The problem when Kareem plays is that 75% of our offense goes to him," said Dandridge. "You know that when the ball goes in the middle he's usually going to hook or take some kind of a shot. Then everybody isn't totally involved in the offense. It tends to make guys not enthusiastic. It's difficult to ask a guy to go 28 minutes on defense, knowing he probably won't be in on the offense. It can get you down. It's difficult for a new guy to accept, a guy like Thompson. Before Kareem came back he got 25 shots. No more. Now the only way he can get that many is to run the fast break. I know I'll get my 20 shots. We need a third guy to get 20. We need a guard who'll push the ball up the floor and make his own opportunities. But the blend will come. I'm sure we'll have enough practices to see that it does."

Warner agreed that it sometimes is hard to play basketball Milwaukee style. "Everyone wants to feel they are contributing to the success of the Bucks," he said. "I can go a whole quarter without a shot. If I touch the ball it's O.K. But if I'm running up and down the court and never get the ball, just to pass off, it's tough. When you learn all that offense you want to be a part of it. But this season has been hard on everyone. We all have played good enough to win. But we've got down to the end and there would be a spell when no one could hit a basket and when it was over we'd look up and see another loss. But with Kareem back we'll all be more comfortable. When we hit one of those bad spans we'll just get the ball into him, he'll hit three or four of those hooks and we'll be out of it."

As Costello has said, anyone who has a 7'2" center has to be stupid not to be aware of him. Anybody want today's Bucks and 15 points? For a game next March?

SIGNS OF RELIEF IN BOSTON, TOO

In Boston, Dave Cowens made his return last week, too—somewhat ahead of schedule and with the Celtics in less desperate shape than the Bucks. Manus their center since he broke a bone in his right foot during an exhibition game, the defending NBA champions were 9-8, far below their .800 record at this time last year but still definitely in the division race. Half of Boston's losses had come in one-point games. The night of Cowens' return the Celts won a one-pointer, 95-94 over Phoenix—an omen, the faithful were sure.

In his second game, against Seattle, Cowens was in and out all evening, still tiring easily and obviously out of sync. But, back in at 6:40 of the fourth period, he set off a rally that produced 12 straight points in a mere 1:55 and turned the game around. Three fast-break baskets, two Cowens free throws and bombs by Cowens and John Havlicek detonated the Celtics toward a 104-99 win.

"He sparks everybody," says Forward Paul Silas. "Seeing a big guy diving for loose balls sets up a chain reaction. We knew if we could stay around .500 until Dave got back, we'd be O.K."

While his teammates waited and hung in at about .500, Cowens single-mindedly prepared for his comeback. He worked out a conditioning program for himself and, unlike Abdul-Jabbar, attended every Celtic practice and home game. "We appreciated the fact that he wanted to be around," Silas says. "He was concerned enough to show up."

"Once I was able to scrimmage," Cowens says, "20 minutes was as good as two hours of exercise." Cowens is encouraged by his progress. "I can't go for a prolonged period at a fast pace," he says, "so I pick my spots. But my timing is coming back and I can jump higher and move consistently." In his fourth game, against New York, he started for the first time and played 41 minutes of the rugged sort of game everyone remembers him for—barreling down the floor, thrashing around like a man possessed. "Even with his timing off," says Coach Tommy Heinsohn, "it's like night and day when Dave is in there. He's a commanding figure. He goes in and stacks his funny in somebody's face."

"He may still not be able to do a lot

of things," says Havlicek, the spiritual leader of the Celtics, "but we weren't very fluid in our offensive patterns without him. In those four one-point games, the lack of timing on a play could have been the difference." Characteristically, Havlicek brushed aside questions about his own physical problem, a right knee that has become increasingly painful because of suspected calcium deposits in the joint. The knee is not too painful to play on, Havlicek insists. Yet he has not quite been able to run with his old abandon, and it would be ironic and trouble for the Celtics—if just as one of their big men came roaring back, the other one headed for the infirmary.

—JANE GROSS

Cowens lays one in over Seattle's Wells



THE COWBOYS CALL ON THE MAD BOMBER

On the brink of elimination from the playoffs, Dallas turned to its rookie quarterback, a dead shot with his six-guns, too **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

Here is Clint Longley, 22 years old, hold and scattered-looking in a boyish way, the nice kid from the next ranch down the road who has a peculiar twist for catching rattlesnakes and blasting away at stumps and bushes with his two six-guns. Clint is standing on the sideline at Texas Stadium, noting on a clipboard the play that the third-place Dallas Cowboys have just run in the third quarter this Thanksgiving Day afternoon against the second-place Washington Redskins. All of a sudden he hears a voice: "Longley, get your helmet."

For a moment Longley can't find his helmet. He hadn't figured he would need it. He is a rookie quarterback who would have been playing for Abilene Christian College instead of Dallas this fall if he hadn't decided to go ahead and graduate last summer. Longley looks up and sees Roger Staubach, the No. 1 quarterback, ambling off the field with glass eyeballs and a stoned frown. Staubach has been knocked goofy by a Redskin linebacker, he can walk, but he doesn't know where he is. Someone says to Longley, "Get 'em, Bomber."

A few weeks ago Craig Morton would have gone in to replace Staubach. But Morton told the Cowboys he was tired of playing behind Staubach and refused to report for work one day and eventually was traded to the New York Giants. So there is no quarterback left for Dallas but Longley, who got the nickname Mad Bomber in training camp when he threw a pass that clanged off an upper rung of Tom Landry's coaching tower.

This is exactly the situation the Redskins have been asking for. The Cowboys, struggling with bad luck much of the season, are all but out of the playoffs for the first time since 1966. What the Redskins need to do to clinch a playoff spot is hold on to a 16-3 lead; Dallas

would be finished and the Redskins would be all but certain of being the NFC's wild-card selection. Washington Defensive Tackle Diron Talbert said earlier that he hoped Staubach would try to run with the ball so the Redskins could put him to sleep and then have fun with the rookie, who never had been in a regular-season league game.

The Mad Bomber comes in. Staubach slumps on the bench with a towel around his neck and a popper at his nose, wondering where everybody went. The Dallas offensive line is very solicitous of Longley, swearing to protect him and offering advice on how to call formations. Fullback Walt Garrison starts to repeat a play he has brought in from Landry. Halfway through this lengthy recitation, Longley says, "Save your breath, I know the play."

Sixty-three thousand people in the semiroofed stadium and millions on national TV are watching. Upstairs, Cowboy General Manager Tex Schramm has been talking about his team being in transition, the older players fading a bit, the younger ones moving up (more than half of the Cowboys have been in the league three years or less). "We're the team of tomorrow," Schramm says. Then he sees Staubach flattened. Schramm's face swells up as he forgets to exhale. "We'll have to be the team of tomorrow today," he says.

In less than nine minutes the Mad Bomber takes Dallas to two touchdowns, one of them a 35-yard pass to Billy Joe DuPree. The Cowboys are ahead, 17-16, as the fourth quarter begins. The stadium is rocking with emotion. Even the people in the private boxes are screaming, with cocktails and turkey sandwiches in their hands. As Morton came along to win crowd support away from Don Meredith, and as Staubach did the same thing



The big play: Longley to Pearson for a TD.

to Morton, now it is Longley who is the darling. And the Cowboys have been tough, though cursed, in the fourth quarter all year. Up to this game, Dallas has outscored opponents 82-19 in the fourth quarter, but nine of the opposing points were late field goals that cost them three games.

The Redskins get the football and bust in for another touchdown and a 23-17 lead. And then they recover a Dallas fumble and have a mere 24-yard field goal to put the game away for good. One of the Cowboys' troubles this year has been the failure to make big plays—interceptions, fumble recoveries, breakaways. But Defensive End Ed (Too Tall) Jones, another rookie, now makes a very big play, stomping over Washington blockers to bat away the field-goal try. With five minutes to go, Dallas has the ball again. Center John Fitzgerald greets Longley in the huddle by saying, "Stay cool, Bomber, don't get rattled. We'll take it on in."

"We don't want to score yet," replies Longley. "There's too much time left."

Longley throws a pass to Drew Pearson, who fumbles to the Redskins. Eleven days earlier, when Washington beat Dallas 28-21, Pearson, the leading receiver in the NFC, watched with dismay as a fourth-down pass bounced off his arms in the end zone at the end of the game. Now this fumble depresses him immen-

ly. "Don't get down," Bob Hayes tells him. "We're still in it."

The Dallas defense holds and makes the Redskins punt, and the Cowboys have the ball with 1:45 to play and no time-outs. Soon it becomes fourth and six at their 44. Now there is not too much time left.

But Longley throws a cool fourth-down pass to Hayes over the middle and Bob gets the first down at the 50. With 35 seconds left and the ball at midfield, Landry sends in a play that requires Pearson to run a down-and-in 20 yards deep. In the huddle Pearson suggests he fake instead, move inside and try to split the two defensive backs who will be covering him (Washington has seven defensive backs in the game for this play) and race for the end zone. "What have we got to lose?" says Longley.

The Dallas line keeps the Redskins off Longley for at least five seconds. The Mad Bomber pumps and throws—and there is Pearson at the four-yard line, reaching up to take the ball over his shoulder and going on in to score. On the sideline you can feel the stadium quake as the energy released by one huge, incredible cry rockets around the walls and soars through the hole in the roof. Efen Herrera, still another rookie, kicks the extra point, and Dallas leads, 24-23. Washington has one more chance with 28 seconds left, but the Cowboys grab a fumble and wait it out.

It is a nearly unbelievable ending. Normally, Texas Stadium is nearly empty four minutes after a game is over, but this time about 40,000 people just keep standing there. Longley runs back onto the field for a television interview, combing his hair with his hands. The touch-down pass is shown in replay on the TV sets in the private boxes, and the place comes apart again, with almost as big an explosion of noise and energy as followed the actual event.

By now, Staubach has been conscious for five minutes. "I was ready to go back in," he says, "but I didn't deserve to go back in. I loved seeing Longley do it."

In the locker room, the grinning Cowboys are talking about the Bomber. One tells of going on a quail hunt with Longley when he showed up with a shotgun and two pistols worn Hollywood gunslinger-style (he is kin to the notorious Texas gunfighter Wild Bill Longley, who

was hanged in 1878) and blew holes in every cactus and fence post they passed. Another says, "The secret of the Bomber's success is an uncluttered mind."

Longley played junior high football in Dallas and high school ball in Lattieton, Colo., and went to Abilene Christian without a scholarship. There he established several NAIA passing records before the Cowboys got him in a draft trade from Cincinnati. In the locker room he pulls on his boots and leather jacket. He has a very toothy smile, and there is no reason for him to keep it off his face. He has just packed away thrills enough to fill up most people forever.

"I wasn't nervous, there was no time for that, but I sure was excited," he says. "I tried to guess with them. I knew what

I would do to a rookie quarterback if I was the Redskins. On that last pass, when the ball was halfway there, I saw Drew had got the defensive back turned around, and I knew we had a shot at it. Well, after all, this is what I've been training for."

The Cowboys still have a long way to go. They must play Cleveland and Oakland while the Redskins play Los Angeles and Chicago. It would take two wins by Dallas and two losses by Washington to put the Cowboys into the playoffs again. Still . . . Staubach no doubt will be the Dallas quarterback for the climactic games, and the Mad Bomber will be over there on the sidelines, noting the plays on his clipboard, wondering if it will happen to him again.

END

Triumphant Longley is mobbed by gleeful Rayfield Wright (70) and other exuberant Cowboys.



BOARD AND VROOM ON THE BIG ONES

Hawaiians take pride in the huge waves at Waimea, and it was fitting that they appeared for the world championships by **RICHARD W. JOHNSTON**

In its holiday edition last Thursday morning, the *Honolulu Advertiser* headlined its lead editorial THANKS FOR WHAT? Given the state of the economy, the world and the Union, it seemed a reasonable question. But by nightfall a considerable group of Hawaiians thought it was the best Thanksgiving ever. After four frustrating years, the big waves—and the big guns—had come at last to Waimea Bay on Hawaii's north shore.

Waimea Bay is one of the most beautiful coves in the Hawaiian coastline, and also a theater of the grotesque. Most of the year, and always in summer, it is flat as a pond. But on relatively rare occasions the Aleut gods of the North Pacific aim their stormy southbound swells in precisely the right direction and Waimea Bay becomes not only a microcosm but almost an exaggeration of the power of the sea. When the proprietors of Smirnoff Vodka moved their World Pro-Am Surfing Championship from California to Hawaii in 1970, they had an eye on Waimea. But for a long time Waimea looked the other way.

"Someday we get big waves," said Sol Aikau, the redoubtable father of two of Hawaii's best surfers, Eddie and Clyde Aikau, who just happen to be lifeguards at Waimea. Someday was last Thursday, but for an agonizing 10 days it seemed more likely to be some year. In the past Smirnoff had allotted from two to seven days for the contest, and it always had been completed in a single day, but never since 1970 in really satisfactory surf. This year the sponsors decided to schedule a two-week alert, with all competitors required to check in on Nov. 18 and stand by until conditions were right. Thirty-six world-class surfers had been invited to Hawaii, six of them women.

At 8:30 on Thanksgiving morning an awesome 35- to 40-foot set swept clear across the entrance to the bay, clear across the beach and spilled into the state

park. The surf was up, all right, up as it had never been before for any surfing contest anywhere. Up too high to suit some of the competitors, who were frankly frightened. But the 35-plus set was one of those aberrant phenomena that the ocean produces only haphazardly. It took 45 minutes for the sea to establish a pattern. Then it was clear that the average wave would be 20 to 25 feet, and the sets, though monumental, were well spaced. The meet was on.

The first semifinal heat was only 20 minutes old when Australia's Ian Cairns, the defending champion, met disaster, a ferocious wipeout that sent his board one way and him another. By the time he recovered it, he was out of contention. Hawaii's Larry Bertleman, up on a 25-footer, saw the wave become entirely vertical and his board drop out from under him. Clyde Aikau was the only master of the waves in that heat. He caught half a dozen, rode them with skill and valor, and won, beating Sam Hawk of Hawaii, who also qualified for the final.

The first big surprise came in the second semifinal heat when Peter Townend of Australia, a frail-appearing 21-year-old, beat out Hawaii's James (Booby) Jones for first. Barry Kanapuni, another Hawaiian surfer, was retired early when the depth-charge force of a wipeout broke his board squarely across the middle. In midmorning two successive sets of 35-foot-plus waves boomed across the bay. Nobody tried to ride them. "Nobody could ride those sets," Meet Director Fred Hemmings said.

The second surprise, one greeted with delirium by the pro-Hawaiian crowd, was a triumph by Reno Abellira, a 24-year-old Sunset Beach board maker, in semifinal heat No. 3. Abellira, who had never before won a major surfing contest, edged Jeff Hakman of Hawaii, just as Hakman had edged him in one of the prelims. In the process Abellira did some-

thing few surfers have ever done—he caught and rode a 30-foot wave.

The sun was high and hot by now, and the crowd had swelled to an estimated 10,000, many perched on car rooftops and the rest ranged nervously along the cupped shore—nervously because the giant waves threatened to sweep the whole park. It was a hungry crowd, and it smelled something better than turkey: never before had Hawaii put five men into the final. Only the Australian Townend was there to represent the other countries originally entered (the "other countries," as specified by the Hawaiian who had announced the preliminaries the preceding Sunday, included California, Puerto Rico, Florida and "East Coast," as well as South Africa and Peru).

When the six finalists lined up before



the judges' stand for final instructions, they were dwarfed by their gun boards. No fancy-Dan seven-footers here. Not one was shorter than nine feet. "In surf like this," Hemmings said, "only a gun will do it—speed and stability, not flashy cutbacks and loops." Most eyes were on Clyde Aikau, the risen son of Sol, and Booby Jones.

By now the surf was breaking almost straight in, enormous waves, still in the 20- to 25-foot range, that lapped over like milk spilling from a bowl, without the right or left curl that sometimes produces the "green room" tubes beloved of surfing mystics. Such waves made a long ride difficult to impossible. Once up, the competitor had to drive down the almost sheer face of the wave and flee the pursuing white water, sometimes down a

canyon between two waves, and then "kick out," or get wiped out. Only a few of the finalists managed to transfer from one wave to another for the swift reverses easily done in lesser seas. But one of them was Reno Abellira, who seemed to catch a wave and somehow fly back for the next one. Halfway through the final an uninformed spectator said, "Looks to me like the waves are kind of petering out." As though in reply, a monstrous boomer snatched Booby Jones and literally blew his board in two.

When the competition closed and the six contestants were assembled in the awards area, no one could be sure who had won, but no one doubted that it would be a Hawaiian. Hemmings read the finish aloud: sixth, Booby Jones; fifth, Sam Hawk; fourth, Peter Townsend;

third, Clyde Aikau (some groans); second, Jeff Hakman. Pandemonium. Reno Abellira's pretty wife slipped into the enclosure to cover him with hugs and kisses and the Semnoff man stepped forward with a check for \$5,000.

Had the winner ever ridden bigger waves? Reno flashed an incandescent smile. "No," he said, "not bigger than those." How had he felt out there? "I was scared."

Is Abellira the best wave rider on earth? That is hardly in doubt now, for it was, indeed, the biggest, toughest sea ever surfed in competition. Said the veteran contestant Craig (Owl) Chapman: "If you took all the waves surfed competitively in California for 20 years and on the East Coast for five, they wouldn't add up to what you saw today." **END**

Winner Abellira (right) and runner-up Jeff Hakman slide acrobatically down the slope of a wave whose tumbling crest threatens to engulf them.





THAT CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE

It was caused by USC, it lasted almost 17 minutes and its victim was Notre Dame. When it was over, Anthony Davis and his teammates were on solid ground while the Irish lay buried under a mountain of points **by JOE JARES**

Every Tuesday morning during the football season USC Coach John McKay sits down in a campus conference room for a Continental breakfast with a group of sportswriters. This informal gab session is facetiously known in various quarters as Rolls and Rhetoric, Doughnuts and Doubletalk or Munch with McKay. Last week the munch bunch heard the silver-haired coach voice his respect for Notre Dame and especially its nation-leading defense, which had allowed a mere eight touchdowns all season and an awesomely meager average of 2.2 yards per rush.

"They do not leak," he said. "They submerge you."

Apparently pleased with this nautical expression, McKay moved on to Notre Dame's 266-pound defensive end, Steve Niehaus, who "looks as big as a whale and moves like a porpoise." The Irish

had, he added ominously, "a lot of big guys running around hitting people. You're not going to make a lot of points on them."

Ha! That just shows you how much coaches know. Last Saturday in the Los Angeles Coliseum, before 83,552 in-person guests and a national TV audience, USC sportingly spotted Notre Dame 24 points and then started one of the most remarkable scoring blitzkriegs in college football history and the worst disaster for the Irish since the potato famine. The rampaging Trojans came back from 24-0 to win going away, 55-24.

This is how it happened—the plays that Notre Dame Coach Ara Paraghihan will have nightmares about for years to come:

Quarterback Pat Haden hits Tailback Anthony Davis on a swing pass for seven yards and a touchdown. Conversion attempt smothered by the center of the

Irish line; 10 seconds left in the first half. Notre Dame 24-6.

Kickoff to start the second half. Davis, who scored six TDs against the Irish in the Coliseum two years ago, catches the ball two yards deep in his end zone, races up the middle, gets a key block from Ricky Bell, cuts to the left sideline and goes all the way for a touchdown (the sixth time he has done it in his career, an NCAA record). Two-point conversion attempt no good. Only 14 seconds used up. Notre Dame 24-12.

Davis squirts six yards for a touchdown following a 31-yard pass from Haden to the coach's son, Johnny McKay. Kick good for the extra point, 3:25 gone in the third quarter. Notre Dame 24-19.

Kevin Bruce's fumble recovery and two long Haden pass completions put USC on the Irish four and Davis carries it over. Davis dives in for a two-point

When Davis returned the second-half kickoff for a touchdown, he had a full Trojan escort.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGG & LONG

conversion; 6:23 gone in the third quarter. USC takes the lead 27-24.

Marvin Cobb's 56-yard punt return has helped USC reach the Irish 18. From there Haden hits McKay in the end zone. Kick good; 9:23 gone in the third. USC 34-24.

Charles Phillips' interception has stopped an Irish drive. Haden connects with McKay for a 44-yard touchdown pass. Kick good as the third period ends. USC 41-24.

After Bruce makes his second fumble recovery, Haden hits Shelton Diggs in the end zone for a 16-yard touchdown. Kick good. Just 17 seconds gone in the fourth quarter. USC 48-24.

Irish Quarterback Tom Clements tries a long pass. Phillips makes his third interception of the day and returns it 58 yards for a touchdown, holding the ball aloft for the last 20 yards. Kick good; 1:44 gone in the fourth. USC 55-24.

In just under 17 minutes USC had scored eight touchdowns and 55 points, the dazzling Davis had accounted for 26 of them, Haden had completed eight passes in eight attempts for 144 yards and four touchdowns, McKay had caught four passes for 110 yards and two touchdowns, Phillips had intercepted two passes and returned them 83 yards, *continued*



McKay (above) caught two scoring passes.

Haden, who his coach says is the best passer he ever saw, wants his name heard.



Bruce had recovered two fumbles and Parseghian had contemplated hara-kiri with a yard-line marker.

Up in the press box Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes was doing the color commentary for ABC television. He is the only top coach to have a winning edge over McKay, and his Buckeyes will meet the Trojans once again on New Year's Day in the Rose Bowl. After the eighth touchdown Saturday, the USC rooting section chanted, "Woody, you're real!"

With some 13 minutes still to play, the Trojans had conquered Ireland, but before they could roll over Austria, Poland and Denmark, McKay pulled out his first string and let Quarterbacks Vince Evans and Rob Adolph finish out the game. McKay seldom shows any emotion on the sideline. From the binoculars on him when an entire stadium is erupting in cheers, boos or hiccups, and he usually will be calmly pacing back and forth like a commuter waiting for the 7:14 or standing with his arms folded across his chest like a bored spectator at a street-corner political rally. But when his son came off the field with Haden and Davis for the



Hayes' expressions ranged from joy to agony.

last time in the fourth quarter, none of them measuring more than six feet tall or weighing more than 183 pounds, he hugged them all at the same time.

"There have never been three smaller kids who have done so much so often," he told them.

It was the second-straight clutch performance on national TV for Davis (he gained 195 yards from scrimmage against UCLA the week before), but it probably came too late to win him the Heisman Trophy. Ballots for that award had to be in the Downtown Athletic Club in New York City by Tuesday, Dec. 3, and it is likely that most of them were mailed before Saturday's game and that most of them named Ohio State's Archie Griffin. Perhaps there should be a recount after the two of them match footwork in Pasadena Jan. 1.

But trophies and bowl games were not the prime issue Saturday in the latest episode in what McKay the Elder calls "the greatest inter-sectional series in college football." The Irish-Trojan war has been raging since 1926, and the two teams make a habit of knocking each other out of national championship contention. It has happened at least eight times. The rivalry is made a little more interesting because USC, founded by Methodists but now non-denominational, has a large Catholic enrollment. In fact, McKay is an Irish Catholic, while Parseghian is an Armenian Presbyterian.

USC, fourth in the UPI poll and sixth in the AP, was favored by four points over Notre Dame, ranked fifth by both wire services. USC was 8-1-1 while Notre Dame was 9-1 and it figured to be just the rugged defensive battle that McKay envisioned. He predicted "fierce hitting on both sides" and on that point he was correct. It was just that Notre Dame did all the hitting in the first half and USC did it all in the second.

Quarterback Clements, relying mostly on Fullback Wayne Bullock up the middle, led the Irish to a touchdown the second time they had the ball, after which USC pulled a bonehead play. With fourth down and inches to go on their 29, the Trojans—that is, Coach McKay—elected to try for it. But when Notre Dame switched into a goal-line defense, McKay couldn't get Haden's attention to call a time out. Haden tried a quarterback sneak against a stacked line that had everybody but George Gipp waiting for him. No gain. On Notre Dame's first play Clements hit Pete Demmerle with a 29-yard TD pass, 14-0.

A short field goal and a fine 79-yard drive to stall another touchdown made it 24-0, and USC fans nervously remembered the disastrous 51-0 loss in the Coliseum eight years before. The Haden-to-Davis TD pass at the halftime gun out the margin to 18, but the Trojan cause still seemed hopeless.

In 1964 USC had gone to the locker room down 17 points and had come out in the second half to overtake Notre Dame and rob the Irish of a national title. McKay was not hesitant in reminding his players of that game 10 years before.

"We needed a catalyst to do it," he said later. "I said if we could score the first time we had the ball—which I said in 1964, too—I thought we would win. . . . We agreed at halftime that there is no NCAA rule against blocking on a kickoff."

Block they did and Davis took care of the rest.

"I had to keep wiggling," he said. "I didn't see daylight until that last block. Then I just kept going. They weren't going to catch me. It's the best all-round game I've played. I did everything well. I caught passes, ran from scrimmage, returned kickoffs and even blocked pretty well."

The blitzing was on ("A D's return

continued

Phillips intercepted three Clements passes.



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Uranium.



An engineer at Exxon Nuclear Company shows a young visitor how a fuel bundle is assembled. Dozens of zirconium or stainless steel tubes are filled with uranium pellets, then grouped together to form a nuclear fuel bundle. As many as 600 bundles make up the core or heat source of a reactor.

bility of nuclear energy.

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3. No. She's May Alken Bach. Buys every camping gimmick made. Even her horse opens up into

a sofa. Tried an orange-flavor cigarette, but didn't know whether to smoke it—or squeeze it into her drink.
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was a spark, like a firecracker exploding," said Phillips) and nothing Notre Dame did from then on turned out right and everything the Trojans tried worked beautifully. USC never did move consistently on the ground against the whale and his friends, but with fumble recoveries, interceptions, kickoff and punt returns and Haden's arm, there was not much need for infantry. Parsghian thought he knew at least one reason for the second-half Irish debacle.

"Our problem is that we did not have a good week of preparation," he said. "It was 20 and 30 degrees all week and we had to practice indoors almost all the time. The cold weather seems to thicken the blood or something. We've never had a good second half out here."

Over in the Trojan locker room there were heroes aplenty, but McKay seemed to take the greatest delight in Haden's big day because, to the coach's disgust, for the third year in a row Haden probably will not be the all-Pac-8 quarterback and many people have scoffed at McKay's statement that Haden is the best passer he has ever seen.

"I said it in the beginning, I said it in the middle, I say it now," McKay told the press. "Pat Haden is a great quarterback—an excellent runner and a great passer."

The game was a statistician's dream. Haden, a potential Rhodes scholar, equaled the USC record for most touchdown passes in a game, with four. Davis upped his career Pacific-8 rushing record to 3,657 yards and his touchdown total against Notre Dame to 11. The Trojans have not lost in the Coliseum in 20 games. USC fell just four points short of the most ever run up against the Irish (a Blanchard-Davis Army team scored 59 in 1944). USC's 35 points in the third quarter were the most ever given up by the Irish in one period. Nine out of 10 Notre Dame fans interviewed in the parking lots thought Davis returned kickoffs so well because he has thin blood.

USC fans streaming out of the huge stadium were thinking of Buckeye blood, thick or thin. You see, if USC beats Ohio State in the Rose Bowl and Notre Dame cooperates by beating undefeated Alabama in the Orange Bowl, with undefeated Oklahoma excluded from the UPI poll, McKay could have his fourth national championship. Or at least half of it. He'll take it.

END

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In her new role as a coach and crusader for all amateur athletes, Micki exudes the same unshakable spirit that carried her to an Olympic gold medal off the springboard in Munich

by KENNY MOORE

Captain Micki King has come to understand, in these two years since the Munich Olympics, that the television camera inserts moments of mutual experience into our lives. Most everyone she meets tells her that the details of her triumph in the three-meter springboard diving are fixed in memory with peculiar clarity. They remember long pauses on the board before her dives, when this willowy girl with the broad back and sun-streaked hair would squirm and hitch her suit and seem so frightened. They recall the stunning precision of her body in flight, of the clean, unhurried descent into the rich purple of Munich's pool. And most clearly of all, they can see her rising after her last dive, mounting the stairs from the water with a relieved smile, then looking over her shoulder at the judges' scores, her expression, caught perfectly by the camera, sharpening to a glittering recognition of victory. Finally, as the gold medal was placed around her neck and the anthem played, she stood weeping calmly, and the cameras left her.

Moments later, Captain King was led by an official to chemistry's contribution to the Olympics, the doping urinalysis, and the mood of the proceedings began to change.

"The attendants tried everything," she says now. "They gave me quarts of Coke, ran warm water by my ear. But with the excitement and everything, it was two hours before I got out of there."

By then it was nearly midnight and King's teammates had long since gone into downtown Munich to celebrate her win. Meanwhile, "All my own need to go wild was gone; there was no thumping excitement. I was dreamy, I was just sort of floating. . . ."

She drifted into the Olympic Village dining hall and sat with a couple of Australian weight lifters, strangers, who poured her a glass of wine. "Compete today?" asked one.

"Yeah. You?"

"Yes, the pity," they said. "Bombed. How did you go?"

"I did . . . O.K.," she said, suddenly embarrassed. All eyes fell on the box she had brought with her.

"May we?"

"Sure."

And there was the gold medal. Slowly, the weight lift-

ers rose, took up their glasses and drank a solemn toast. "May you serve it well," they said.

In a landscape of mesas and pines, shrouded in fog, stand the steel and marble and glass buildings of the Air Force Academy, huge beyond any human scale. The chilly, ethereal air at 7,000 feet opens the senses of the visitor to the harsh calls of magpies, to an awareness of looming mountains within the mists. Ten major structures serve the needs of over 4,000 cadets. A dormitory is five stories high, a quarter-mile long, with 1,300 rooms. The dining hall covers two acres. Athletic fields rise in rich green tiers to the tan and crumbling base of Colorado's Rampart Range, one ridge

continued



AS INDEPENDENT as the Air Force falcon she admires, King teaches tennis and diving to cadets, and battles with the Establishment.

removed from the windswept barren slopes of Pike's Peak. An ice hockey arena, a basketball arena, a football practice field enclosed by a Tartan track, dozens of courts and smaller gyms, a 75-yard pool and 10-meter diving platform—all are contained within two awesome buildings of cold and lustrous stone.

The autumn wind swirls the fog high-



MICKI IN MUNICH: EVERYONE REMEMBERS

er and seeps in a numbing stream beneath the doors to the pool. The divers, practicing, hug themselves, the lips of the slender ones turning blue. Their coach, Captain Micki King, the only woman in the athletic department of the academy, sits in the stands holding a microphone. A diver flies off the board and through a spectacular blur of twists and somersaults. As he surfaces, King's voice, made stern and lordly by the loudspeakers, echoes through the immensity of the building. "Maybe the Italians will like that little hiccup in there. I don't."

The diver, Lieut. Phil Boggs, 1973 world champion, acknowledges this criticism with a nod and joins the others, a

group of cadets and officers and one talented high school girl, Suzie Honnen, who commutes the 60 miles from Denver. As they work through their repertoires, King's disembodied voice calls out the noteworthy details of each dive. Strung together, the remarks display a kind of loving bluntness. "Good distance, slow knees, kicked early and were short. Other than that, it was perfect . . . Blake, do I have to put X's on your feet again, so you will look at them? . . . Kicked like spaghetti legs, Mike. You're tossing your body to fate. And point your toes. You look like you're wearing combat boots."

A promising freshman attempting an inward dive hangs for an instant parallel to the water, then bends at the waist to escape a belly flop. "Jim, I'd rather have you land flat than break form," says King.

"Pain," says Phil Boggs, "is definitely a negative reinforcer." The visitor begins to gather that there is a code at work here, one requiring delicate self-control in the face of our most natural fear.

The divers use as many as four springboards and get well ahead of King's critiques. Often she must ask a diver what he did last, but after being told she can replay it and recite every flaw, every successful element. Near the end of a 2½-hour practice, she is comparing tiny moves with those made at the beginning of the day. She sees nothing unusual in this, citing her coach at Michigan, Dick Kimball, as one who never needed to be cued: "He just memorized every dive he ever saw."

Blake Bourland, a pale, redheaded freshman, is dubious about practicing a reverse pike on the low board. He makes a mistake, produces a horrendous splash and rolls onto the deck.

King sends him to the three-meter board to do the same dive. "You'll make the correction on the high board because it will be the difference between life and death," she says. He climbs slowly, steps onto the board with transparent dread and does the dive perfectly.

Mannerisms become much more pronounced when the divers mount the 10-meter platform. Boggs slaps specks of grit from the soles of his feet. Rack McAlister, the 1973 NCAA champion, perhaps the only male collegiate champion in any sport ever to be coached by a woman, dries his hands twice before a 3½ somersault. These seem sensible reactions to

the increased possibility of injury when falling from 33 feet, but King, in an aside, says they are more often signs of concentration than fear. "I've been teased about my twitching and how I squirm and hitch my suit," she says, "but it's just that you can recognize when you're ready, so you wait. You've got a dive in your muscles, the program for it in your nerves, and somehow there is a moment you know it's going to happen."

Diving from the tower means a punishing impact. "Be tight," calls King. "If you're limp, that water will tear you apart. I want you rigid, like the shaft of an arrow." McAlister, the heaviest of the divers at 185 pounds, does a reverse 2½, holds his form all the way and lands on his back. As he surfaces, a towel thrown from the tower floats over his head. Jaw set, unused to errors, he climbs back up and dives again, opens to a late and lands on his stomach. King holds her middle and rocks for him. "You'd better go on to the next while you're able," she says.

Says Boggs, "The only thing left to do is hit the tower."

Rich Leopold, a junior, performs his first-ever reverse 2½ from 10 meters. "The first one of anything is petrifying from up there," whispers King. She is flushed with her diver's success, reliving the anxiety and relief. "After 18 years of this, I wasn't afraid of landing wrong or getting the wind knocked out of me. The scary thing in learning a new dive is never having felt the kinesthetic sensations of those particular movements. I pioneered some dives and before I tried each one I thought, 'There has got to be some reason why no one has ever done this before.' The real fear is of that blankness, of the unknown."

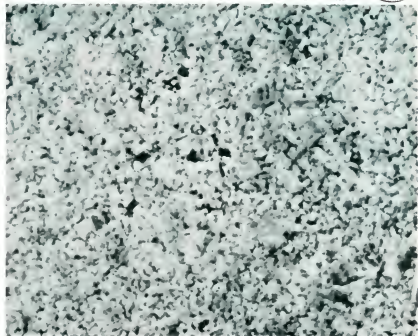
Like a good performer in any discipline, King loves to see a resolve in her divers, a wholehearted trying without the influence of irrelevances such as caution, yet she says, "It's not human nature for a diver to will himself to new dives. You need someone you have confidence in to push you, to know when you're ready to do things you've never done before."

McAlister joins King. Asked if it is psychologically wearing to constantly banish thoughts of error and injury, he shakes his head. "A confidence comes from the diving itself," he says. "You get used to living on after a mistake. . . ."

His words trail off as he watches Bourland inch to the edge of the 10-meter platform, assume the starting position

continued

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for a reverse dive in the pool again, then pause and walk away.

"It's just like the springboard," comes King's amplified voice. "The same mechanics once you're in the air. You've felt this dive."

Bourland returns to the edge and stands, toes out in space, waiting.

"You cannot imagine it standing there, but in the air your body will know what to do," says King.

Again, he walks to the rear of the platform.

"Blake, you're going to feel foolish for making a big thing out of this when you find how easy it is," she says.

He dries his hands and steps out to the edge once more, pink and wide-eyed. Thirty seconds pass. King lets three or four divers go off lower boards, then calls Bourland back out to the brink. "Look, the thing you want more than anything else right now is to have it over with and be out on the deck. That will take two or three seconds. Don't think, just go."

Still he stands, flicking his wrist, impatient, embarrassed with this scene. Finally, King's wirings cease. "O.K.," she says. "Come down. Just walk down and go home if you can't do this damn dive."

"No. No. I'll do it," he says, shooting her a quick glance. He steadies himself, opens his mouth and leaps. Around the hall breath is expelled as he slices into the water, and he comes up to applause.

King has never had a diver back down.

"He must have hated me while he stood there," she says, "but when I say go home, that's the ultimate. They have to call my bluff. Kumball at Michigan used that whole list of appeals, and more, on me." Evidently there was a special bond between them. Now the successful coach, King's musings continue to be those of the competitor. "Even when a coach is using every known psychological manipulation to get you to squeeze the best out of yourself, even if he's saying you *can't* do it, and you know he's just telling you that to get you to do it, still you respond. You think 'I'll show the s.o.b.' and all the while you love him because somehow you know he's totally on your side. I think that's one fantastic thing about athletics."

King's office is not in the athletic department but in physical education. Her desk is gray. The walls are gray. The curtains are gray. Unless she is near the pool, her eyes are gray. "I did year. I was an-

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sistant business manager for the athletic department," she says. "I did all of the scheduling and was advance person for the football team [one of her duties: stocking the hotel rooms of VIP brass with their favorite labels]. This year I was transferred to teaching phys ed because it seems likely that women will be admitted to the academy some day. I'm teaching full time to get ready, to be less of a token."

King lives 20 miles from work, up Bear Creek Canyon, a tree-clogged defile on the way to Pike National Forest. Her house is comfortable, with a thick wool carpet, a cast-iron fireplace burning huge aspen logs. A clutter of animal hides from Colombia and great vessels of dried cat-tails provide an aura that contrasts sharply with the glistening, compulsively ordered environment of the academy. Upstairs, a 32-foot-long bedroom opens onto a deck with a view of Colorado Springs and King's half-completed rock garden. "I'll finish it, I swear I will," she says, but there is hopelessness in her voice. "And if there is ever time, I'm going to do macramé." The bed is covered with a thick down comforter brought from Europe in an Olympic team suit bag. "It looked as if it had been inflated with a tire pump," she says. "The customs agent opened it a little and this pink thing started squirreling out. He decided it was all right." A pane is broken in the glass back door. "I got mad at a fly and nailed him with a towel." A pair of Siamese cats adorn the furniture. "They gave me ringworm. I had to throw them in some sheep dip."

King was graduated from Michigan and joined the Air Force in 1966. Since then it's been symbiosis. She is grateful to the service for giving her assignments which have allowed her to advance her diving (R.O.T.C. at Michigan, Special Services in Los Angeles and now the academy) and she doesn't begrudge any favorable publicity she may have brought it, although she still bristles when people seem not to understand that it wasn't all a free ride, that she has always held down full-time jobs.

The military has its share of traditionalists who believe wives should be home minding the kids, and King has encountered occasional resentment. "Some wives don't want to meet me because I may be with their husbands eight hours a day while they only get to see them five. That's before they meet me." She casts a

disgusted look at her angular frame. "Afterward they see they don't have anything to worry about." King attempts to sympathize with housebound women, "but there is a limit to my interest in what someone's kid did cute today or what cleanser will wipe out the sink best. I don't know, I'm all for motherhood, but at the same time I don't believe there is any excuse anymore for a girl to be wishy-washy and conform to the traditional expectation that she go right to child rearing—not if she's moved to do something else." King looks forward to women at the academy. "This is a tough place. It requires people sure of their capabilities, because they are tested. Those women who go to college to nail a husband will not make it here, just as those men who go just for sports or social life won't either. The first girl who washes out of here is going to be crucified in the press. But how many men wash out every year?"

King is esteemed by the many athletes who have been thrown into her company on Olympic or Pan American teams. There is a wacky sort of attraction in the playfooted walk, the quickness of the gray eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses, along with an adventuresome, imaginative quality that flickers up in the telling of odd bits of history. "In China, Jerry Cooke [SI photographer] used me as a courier for his film of the basketball games," she says. "I got off the plane in Hong Kong and there was this scruffy little man who sidled up to me at the bottom of the ramp.

"'Captain King,' he said.

"'Yeah.'"

"'You got it?'"

She closes her eyes and draws up her coat collar, sinking into the role of international spy.

"'Yeah, I got it.'"

Then, too, she seems an appealing embodiment of justice in sport. Attempting a reverse 1½ layout on her next-to-last dive at the Mexico City Olympics, while leading the competition, she hit the board and broke her arm. "It wasn't a bad dive," she says. "My thumbs were locked together as a stabilizer so there was no real break in form. Of course, the last dive was the spastic-looking one." That dropped her to fourth. When she won four years later at Munich, there was a wave of satisfaction from all who remembered signing her cast in Mexico.

It was in Munich as well that King be-

gan to feel it possible that athletes, for the first time, could gain some say in the policies of the U.S. Olympic Committee. "I think the beginning was the meeting of athletes to elect the flag bearer for the opening ceremonies," she says. "The USOC extended that courtesy to us, and then found they couldn't back down when we elected Olga Connolly, who wasn't popular with the officials but had terrific respect from the athletes."

Since that pioneering action, King has become one of the chief movers in a series of forays and end-arounds aimed at enlightening the oldtime Olympic establishment. She helped organize the Olympics Advisory Council; King and six others are now on the 60-man board of directors of the U.S. Olympic Committee. The infighting has been fierce and well publicized, punctuated with reports seeking greater voice for the athletes and legislation presented to a somewhat bemused Congress. But King feels the campaign is slowly gaining: "We'll press on. This is just the beginning. I don't believe the USOC knows what's coming once athletes sense they can change things."

Now, sitting by her fireplace in Colorado Springs, she repeated the fundamentals of this amateur sporting manifesto: "The athlete's world is one of constant testing. No one makes an Olympic team without an all-out battle. It's clean and harsh, and if you want to go to the next Olympics you have to do it all over again, against tougher competition. The world of officials, unfortunately, isn't that way at all. Too often theirs is political and social and waiting-your-turn. I know what world I live in. I believe amateur sport is for the athletes. Just who has the most at stake? Answer that and you've answered who should have the most say in how things are run. In professional sports it's harder to do because you've got owners with more or less legitimate interests, but in the Olympic sports you don't. And when you look at the capabilities of our Olympic athletes—there are doctors, lawyers, economists, authors, bankers, television people among us—you just cannot say we ought to continue to swim and run and leave the planning to officials who have drifted away from a competitive world.

"An athlete, in college or not, is still his own person. He should decide whether loyalty to his school or the opportunity to compete overseas is more important. I know if Rick McAlister had the

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chance to dive against Ruskov and it meant missing the NCAA's. I'd let him go to Russia; I'd urge it, because the NCAA would be nothing compared with the experience he'd gain. The school might not get the credit at home, but he'd be a better diver, and as a coach and somebody who wants to see this country produce its best, that's got to be more important. In the end the colleges can hurt the athletes' development in order to maximize their income. That might be acceptable in professional sports but not from institutions pledged to the education and growth of their students. I don't see any problem in team sports like basketball because that's where the real team loyalties are. There are basketball players who would pass up the Olympics for a shot at the NCAA finals, and that's good. It shows that the athletes know where the top competition is, and why are the Olympics important at all if they're not to provide the toughest competition in the world?"

As with other activist athletes, King's motives spring from observing inequities in her own sport. "Klaus Dibiuss of Italy has won the 10-meter platform gold medal in the last two Olympics and is going for a third in Montreal. In the year after Mexico he took part in 30 international meets. I went to two. The guy just has to be hard-boiled. He's probably faced every conceivable competitive situation. Then look at us. In 1973 we had the chance to meet the USSR in Minsk. The Olympic Diving Committee sent around a letter saying there were three ways to go. Number one, the competitors pay their own way. Number two, the competitors pay half. Number three, we don't go. We sent rich divers and didn't win any of the events. And the worst of it is the Russians can't believe it. They think we're putting them down by not sending our best. Somehow we've managed to both foster international misunderstanding, and lose." As a result, King passes a hat for the divers' travel fund wherever she speaks. "I must have talked to every Girl Scout troop in the Midwest," she says. "I have terrible trouble saying no to requests like that. I figure if I have some of the magic, if there is a touch of something about me that people remember and think it would be nice if their children emulated, then why not use that to pay back the sport for what it let me enjoy?"

King enjoys far more than just her own

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CAPTAIN KING *continued*

sport, however. She teaches swimming and tennis courses with an easy, bantering style that elicits a sort of devotional boldness from the cadets, as when she asks for a tennis ball and receives a shower of 20.

She looks forward with relish to the first "Superstars" competition for women, to begin Dec. 20 in the Astrodome. Patterned after the multisport contest for men, with \$150,000 in prizes, it will bring together the likes of Billie Jean King, Cathy Rigby, Janet Lynn, Robyn Smith, Jane Blalock, Wyomia Tyus and King to sprint, swim, row, cycle, bowl, shoot baskets, throw a softball, play tennis and attack an obstacle course.

King has been in training since September. "The agility I've got, but I need the gay to keep going," she says. "So on alternate days I work on endurance, swimming repeats, sprinting intervals, lifting weights, and then do something for technique, like shooting baskets." She ran two miles a day, in combat boots at 7,000 feet, with the incoming freshmen during their six weeks of basic training. ("Yeah, but just a diddy-poo eight-minute-mile pace.")

Her motives in the Superstars competition annoy some pros. She is planning to "kick a hunk of any winnings into the diving travel fund. I see this competition as something I need just now. I have a few rules about fitness, like I'm determined never to get fat—I'm going to be a skinny little old lady—but the main thing is that while it was easy to stop diving, I still want to compete." She speaks of this as she would of an affliction. "I went to Michigan and the Air Force all because of diving. My friends, my self-image have been related to that too, and now it's over. I need a transition period, and going after this thing will help."

Perhaps if she believes her competitive instincts will dwindle, she chases an illusion. More likely they will be invested in the administrative struggle she has already taken up. In fact, it seems that in King's rapt admiration of the prairie falcons the cadets fly as mascots, she has chosen a worthy exemplar for one tilting at officialdom. "So fierce. So regal," she says, watching one drop with outstretched talons upon a clump of rushes on the academy reserve. "They claim that even if you raise one from the egg, and you alone feed it for all its life, still it will never become a pet. It will always hold its distance."

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FUTURE BEARS

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON



Memories swirl through the city and the old stadium where the Bears are fighting a holding action for their loyal fans, glorying in the heroic George Halas past and putting hope in a future that was no longer his

The day was soft and gray, with a brisk southwest wind stiffening the flags that flank the slightly ridiculous close-order drill of columns surmounting the east and west sides of Chicago's Soldier Field. The game was of critical importance to Chicago Bear fans, as all Bear games are, and it mattered, of course, to Bear coaches and players and to members of the opposing team. But generally throughout the National Football League no one really cared much whether the Bears won or lost. To anyone with a sense of football history, that is very sad.

The Bears have fallen mightily since the days when they were The Monsters of the Midway, a sobriquet swiped from an even older local legend: Amos Alonzo Stagg's all-but-forgotten teams at the University of Chicago. In 1921 the Bears, directed by a youthful 26-year-old player-coach named George Halas, won the NFL's first championship. In 1925 Halas, then a mature 30, signed Red Grange out of the University of Illinois as soon as the college season was over, played exhibitions with him all over the country, drew 70,000 people to the Polo Grounds in New York and made much of America conscious of pro football for the first time. Red Grange subsided, Bronko Nagurski arose; the Bears won NFL championships in 1932 and 1933 and were even better in 1934, when they swept 13

continued



Mr. Major

THE BEARS Continued

straight games before being upset on a frozen field by a so-so New York Giant team that had the shrewdness to don sneakers to cope with the slippery footing. Six years later a panoply of Bears—Sid Luckman, Bill Osmanski, George McAfee, et al.—destroyed the Washington Redskins 73-0 in the most one-sided championship game in NFL history, and through the next three seasons lost a total of only three games. They were The Monsters. The Chicago Bears. The Best.

They won again in 1946, after World War II, but Halas was 51 then, and the best was past. From time to time the old man relinquished his coaching duties to his juniors—the incumbent is the gravel-voiced, 300-pound, phlebotis-afflicted Abe Gibron—but he still ran the team. And in all the years since, the Bears have won only one more title, and made it to the championship game only twice. Yet memories die hard, and the feeling in Chicago remained: the Bears were the Bears. The failures were temporary. It would all come back.

True, memories occasionally gave way to despair, even to rage, as the slump continued. In the past decade the Bears have had only two winning seasons. In the last five seasons they averaged only four victories and lost more than 70% of the games they played at home before their suffering followers. Yet week after week, year after year, the fans came back, crowding into the stands, their loyalty undiminished, anger always giving way to hope. When, this past September, Halas, now 79, stunned Chicago with the announcement that he was finally stepping aside and giving complete charge of the club to an outsider, Jim Finks, who previously had built the Minnesota Vikings into a power, hope triumphed and optimism was back in force. The future belonged to the Bears and Chicago.

Ah, Chicago. Perhaps uniquely in the U.S., it is a city built on stamina, endurance and stoicism. For more than a century waves of immigrants fleeing the poverty of European ghettos found their way to Michigan's shore, there to endure the suffocating summers and savage winters, suffering hunger, pain and privation but never yielding to despair. The rock 'em, sock 'em, bruise 'em, break 'em Bears, even when they are the recipients rather than the dispensers of violence, are a metaphor for the city itself. So for that matter is Soldier Field, its brightly painted seats and AstroTurfed surface a shining

facade that distracts from but does not conceal the cracks in its ancient concrete and the 12-by-12-foot wooden beams that prop up its crumbling structure, just as the lakeshore Gold Coast stretches a thin, glamorous skin over a carcass as excruciatingly ugly as the bare-ribbed remnants of a rhinoceros.

Nowhere is glittering affluence and grinding poverty more closely juxtaposed. One has only to walk a few blocks west from the tree-lined avenues of the near North Side to enter an area of vacant lots grown waist deep with grass, of once-paved parking areas cracked apart by ferocious weeds, of scattered tenements unmelting by time, their harsh brick edges gashed by white stone "decorations" that look like blunted sharks' teeth. The sounds of the near West Side, of back-of-the-yards, of Humboldt Park and Logan Square are the scrape of a nightstick on a blue-cold shantone or the thack-crunch of a tuckie by Dick Butkus, the Bears' all-everything linebacker, now invalided into retirement. The sounds of the Gold Coast, by contrast, are the same as those of Manhattan, Nob Hill or Beverly Hills: shrill laughter in the night, ice tinkling in thin glasses. In 1922, when young Halas christened his team the Bears, he chose well; tigers slash, wildcats claw, but bears maul.

It is of course foolish to say that the working-class districts are the real Chicago as opposed to the rich fringe along the lake. Both are Chicago, and both have been locked in a love-hate embrace with the Bears for more than 50 years. Of the two, however, the neighborhood's hold is stronger. It was not the Poles of Archer Heights nor the Bohemians of Pilsen and South Lawndale who began flirting with the Chicago Fire when that once-promising World Football League franchise came into being last summer. It was the Gold Coast arrivistes, people who did not have generational ties to the Bears (along with those who can't get tickets to soldout Bear games and a few who still resent the departure years ago of the Chicago Cardinals).

"I was a Jet fan when I came out here seven years ago," says John Fischetti, the *Daily News* Pulitzer prize-winning cartoonist, "but then I got interested in the Bears. You go to every game, hoping this one will be the turn. Then they screw up, and your hope turns bitter. By the end of the game you hate every man on the team and Halas, too. It's love going in,

hate coming out. But by Wednesday your hopes go up again. I'll admit that when The Fire started, I felt my loyalties wavering. I think all Chicagoans are hungry for a winner. But now, with Jim Finks here and The Fire sputtering. . . ."

If Fischetti typifies the new and not totally constant breed of Bear fan, Mike Royko, the syndicated columnist who dissected Mayor Richard J. Daley in his brilliant biography *Boss* a few years ago, speaks eloquently for the old loyalists. "You've got to remember that this is a very ethnic town," says Royko, who is of Polish-Hungarian descent. "Bill Osmanski and his brother Joe meant a lot to it. And what greater symbol could you have than Bronko Nagurski? He was the Ukrainian Paul Bunyan. Bear fans go for players like Ed O'Bradovich and Mike Ditka and Ed Sprinkle and Bulldog Turner—not all ethnics, but really tough, mean guys. People like that turned the factory workers into fans."

"George Halas was very popular for years. He provided all that crunch. Now a great dislike has grown up for him. You know, 'I I Cheupo.' I don't think Halas is cheap. He's an ethnic, too, and ethnics here have learned not to give money away. He's a Bohemian, from that big colony out along Ashland Avenue. Bohemians are frugal, hardworking people. Remember this—Halas didn't build the Bears with H. L. Hunt's money, he did it by working hard and fighting hard. He's a jock down to his toes."

The bastardization of the adjective "ethnic" into a noun in itself refutes the great American dream of the melting pot. Poles remain Poles, Czechs Czechs, Italians Italians, not only in Chicago but in many cities. "Ethnic" is simply an acceptable (to them) way to describe people who once were denigrated as Polacks, Bohunks or Guineas. If ethnics respond to tough, mean guys on the football field, it is often because their own lives have been constricted to tough, mean work. They have been attuned to a fundamental rhythm, survival. "That's why Dick Butkus was so important," Royko adds. "Anybody with an Eastern European name—he's Lithuanian—who is tough and mean is a natural. I doubt that he would have meant so much if he had been named Bill Jones."

Not everyone agrees. Gerry Robichaud, another Chicago newspaperman, guesses that "50% of Bear tickets go to corporate block buyers and well-fixed

continued

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THE BEARS continued

suburbanites," and Studs Terkel, who has interviewed hundreds of working people for his classic studies *Hard Times* and *Working*, feels ethnic lines have been blurred, partly by population shifts, partly by television, expressways, politics. "The old Studs Loman country has changed," Terkel says. "Not in location so much as in means. The Irish aren't poor the way they were in the '30s. They live where they do because the mayor does, too, and because he's put a lot of them on the payroll. And of course blacks and Puerto Ricans have moved into many of the bad neighborhoods."

Towhech Royko rejoins, "So now you have ethnic suburbs—but the people who live in them are still Bear fans. There are two generations of Bear fans in some of the old cemeteries on Grand and Milwaukee Avenues, and a third generation goes by them on the way to the game. Do I think Halas was glad to get Jim Finks? Sure. You think Finks isn't an ethnic name? Huh? Since the '30s this has been a Halas-hating town. The old man has shown poor judgment in a lot of ways. He let some of his best men go. Not cheapness, just bad management. His son Mugs [George Halas Jr.] was part of it, and he's been more of it in the past few years when he began to run things. George hasn't wanted to side against his son, but Mugs hasn't got the touch the old man has."

Despite Royko's dispassionate appraisal of Halas, a good many Chicago newspapermen have been openly antagonistic to the Bears' owner. "In the '20s," says Royko, "when he was just starting, Halas had to go around and kiss a lot of behinds to get the Bears mentioned on the sports pages. When he became king of the hill, they say he tried to get writers' jobs if they knocked the Bears."

Over the years William Barry Furlong, a one-time Chicago sportswriter who is now a columnist on the *Washington Post*, was fiercely critical of the Bears and Halas, and once described the crusty owner as having "all the warmth of broken bones." Another persistent and unforgiving critic is Bill Gleason, a Chicago *Sunday Times* columnist. When Halas hired Jim Finks, Gleason wrote, "the Bears have always had a couple of links in management. Thursday they signed a man who spells it with a capital F," and added later in his column, "even the Machiavellian machinations of the medieval front office of the Bears will not dismay Jim."

Finks certainly seems anything but dismayed. A trim, handsome, smiling Irishman who does not look his 47 years and whose unmarred features dispute his seven years' service as a defensive back and quarterback for the Pittsburgh Steelers, Finks radiates Celtic charm and answers questions with such warm candor that it sometimes takes a day or two to realize he hasn't said very much about his plans for the Bears. "At first I was pleased with Gary Huff at quarterback," Finks says, for example, "but that does not mean I was down on Bobby Douglass." Huff, a second-year man, is a classic quarterback who stays in the pocket, whereas Douglass, a scrambler, has sometimes been accused of deliberately breaking pass plays he has called in order to run with the ball. "Did you ever hear of another quarterback who does that?" Finks asks. "We weren't exactly against scramblers where I come from."

Where Finks comes from is Minnesota, a Fran Tarkenton country, although he was born in southern Illinois and played college football at Tulsa. In 10 years as general manager he took the Vikings from nowhere to two Super Bowls. Before that he was with the Calgary Stampeders after a year and a half at Notre Dame as a backfield coach for Terry Brennan. "I left the Steelers," Finks says, "because I was not an outstanding quarterback, and I knew the future lay elsewhere." He is best remembered in Pittsburgh as the quarterback the Steelers kept when they cut Johnny Unitas.

Early on Finks said that he planned no immediate changes in Bear personnel but instead would spend most of the season "evaluating" people, presumably everybody from clerks in the front office to Head Coach Gibron. Gibron won only seven games in his first two seasons. This year the Bears look about the same. What Finks is evaluating is another dreary season. One Chicago fan shuddered with sympathy and said, "Poor Abe. First the plebeitis and now a general manager who's still at his playing weight."

Poor Abe indeed. Gibron, a Lebanese, does not have much of an ethnic constituency in Chicago, while Finks—whose paternal grandparents were born in Ireland's County Sligo—should be able to command the support of every displaced Celt from Mayor Daley to the South Shore garbage men, not to mention the Halases, father and son.

Finks is confident that he has the free

continued



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THE BEARS

hand he was promised when he took the job and that sufficient money will be available to make whatever moves he recommends. But he is not naive. "I expected to be tested on that," he says, "and probably more than once. But I have solid assurances from George and Mugs, and I propose to enforce them."

Whether Finks can establish his authority in an arena dominated for so long by such tough outspoken personalities as Halas and his estranged star Butkus is a question Butkus is monumentally remembered in Chicago—and monumentally famous with George Halas. He is no longer playing, but he is suing Halas and the Bears for the balance of his contract—four years at \$105,000 a year—plus \$1.6 million for what he considers medical neglect.

"I've got the knee of a 70-year-old man," Butkus says. "I'll never run again. It even hurts to walk. Halas knew all about my knee before we signed the contract in the spring of 1973. I asked for a player-coach contract, and he turned it down. He claims the contract calls for passing a yearly physical exam. I claim it doesn't—it was no cut, no trade, no penalty for injury. I guess the lawyers will settle that question. At training camp in '73 my knee was so bad I was icing it down every night. I missed nine games last year."

"My agent proposed that the Bears send me to the Mayo Clinic, and Mugs Halas wrote back something like this: 'We think Butkus' condition is related directly to whether we win or lose, and we are not certain about his willingness to tolerate pain.' George Halas snubbed me all year, and then when it was clear I couldn't play this season, he had his lawyer tell my lawyer to tell me the Bears would try to use me as a goodwill ambassador. Why didn't Halas call me himself? I wasn't trying to rip off the club. I would have been willing to do something useful. But that did it."

"You know, when he was coach I really liked playing for him. But since then..." Thus, Butkus. But what about Halas? What was he, a doddering old king who was finally forced to abdicate? He doesn't fit the picture. Going to see him at the Bears' longtime headquarters on West Madison Street is a little like going to George Washington's Mount Vernon and finding the original proprietor not only in residence but enthusiastically planning and directing the nation's bi-

centennial. Enroute one wondered why Dick Butkus was fighting with a 79-year-old man. How could so many people be angry with an elderly has-been who must be bordering on senility? Why wasn't Halas in Florida or Palm Springs under a sun that would warm those old bones, soothe those old hips that have been rebuilt, according to the stories, with steel and plastic joints? Why has he hung on so long, clinging to the past, to the apparent disadvantage of a team that he led to eight world championships?

In one moment Halas provided a strong answer to all, or almost all, these questions. He turned out to be a mighty young 79-year-old. He hurt out of his executive office on firm, fast-striding legs, his bald head gleaming (it has gleamed for 40 years), his granular voice harking cheerfully. He was wearing a flashy blue sports jacket with angled stripes that enclosed a remarkably flat belly. A polka-dot silk tie emerged from the collar of a patterned shirt and a fashionable silk handkerchief bloomed from his breast pocket. One infirmity was apparent—he wore glasses.

"I've never felt better," Halas said, instantly dismissing pity or compassion, leaving room only for admiration or criticism. "I felt good about winning a few, although we've lost several since. We've made a lot of mistakes. Mistakes can be corrected. Most of all, I feel good about having Jim Finks, one of the most versatile and experienced executives in pro sports. I feel good about the editorials." Halas shuffled through a stack of papers on the crowded desk and produced a Photostat. "Finks: He's a real bear" (*Sun-Times*), "New Papa Bear" (*Tribune*) and "The Bears Bear Down" (*Daily News*). All were congratulatory.

"Those were on the editorial pages, not the sports pages," Halas exulted. "That gives you an idea of how important the Bears are to Chicago. I think getting Finks is evidence we—my son Mugs and I—feel losing has gone far enough. I'm as big a fan as anybody who pays his way into Soldier Field, and I feel so full of enthusiasm and optimism right now that I can honestly tell you the Bears are on their way up again."

Then Halas offered an explanation for the Bears' long wallow in the NFL depths, an explanation to boggle, if not blow, the minds of his critics. In his own clear mind neither he nor Mugs has ever mismanaged the Bears. He has not been

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THE BEARS continued

too old, or too tired or too sick. He has just been too busy.

"An NFL team needs one man's attention to the exclusion of all else," he said. "But several years ago, after I had retired again as head coach, I was named president of the National Conference of the NFL. Now that's a time-consuming position because I never believed a title should be honorary. And I have taken on another project. I think Chicago needs a new, modern stadium, and I've been devoting much of my time and effort to bringing it about."

"Mugs is occupied with league matters. He's been a member of the NFL Management Council, which conducted the negotiations with the Players Association. In the last year he's had to make at least 20 trips to Washington or New York. So you can see that neither of us has been able to get our honest-to-God true interest on the agenda—the Chicago Bears. That's why, after running this club for 55 years as a family enterprise, we brought in Jim Irlin. You ask, does he have full authority? Yes! He is chief of operations, executive vice-president and general manager. He has the final decision, the final authority on any issue relating to the Bears. I can't make it more emphatic than that."

Halas paused to rattle through the papers again. It was an ingenious explanation, even possibly an accurate one.

"I'm going to take things a little easier now," he said, grinning broadly. "I may even cut down to an eight-hour day." There were reports that Halas is involved in a wintertime romance. "You can say I'm keeping company with Mrs. Rita Hawk," Halas said. "We've known each other a long time, and we have a lot of laughs together. Mrs. Halas died six years ago and Mrs. Hawk is the widow of an old friend. Rita will be coming out to Houlihan with me to the NFL's spring meetings." Halas beamed.

But his bright mood darkened when the feud with Butkus was mentioned. "I don't understand it," he said. "Dick sat right in that chair a year ago last spring and said if I'd give him what he wanted, he'd get me a championship. I don't know what went wrong."

It seems easy to guess what did. Halas and Butkus are strong, proud, determined men. Neither has been willing to yield at points of contention. Mugs' letter, if indeed it was phrased as Butkus says, did not help. Thus far the Bears

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THE BEARS

have not assigned Butkus' famous No. 51 to any other player, although Butkus recently told a luncheon audience that he thought the jersey probably would be given to an 18th draft choice or "used to spread fertilizer on the AstroTurf." In retort one Bear fan said, "I don't think Butkus wants them to retire the jersey—he wants them to retire the position."

"You know," Halas went on, "in my 40 years as a coach, dealing directly with more than 700 players, I ran into only three bad ones." Butkus is not one of them: when Halas was coaching they got along well. "And all these stories about my wars with the press—I think I've known 900 sportswriters and in all that time I've only complained about one of them to his boss. Just one." Chicago sportswriters dispute that avowal, but there is no hard evidence that Halas ever got anybody fired.

In any event, the times have changed. George Washington—or, Halas—may be alive and well, but he has stepped to one side, and the new era belongs, for better or worse, to Jim Finks. He has the image of Halas looming over him to cope with, and The Monsters of the Midway and the love-hate attitude of the bitter, yearning fans. After a satisfying Bear victory early this season the crowd was filing its way out through the scabrous interior of Soldier Field when an ethnic in a blue windbreaker asked another in a red windbreaker, "You think we turned the corner?" Red Windbreaker grunted, "Hell, we turned a corner last year, and then we got mugged."

Whether the Bears come back or not, it will be a difficult job to fill George Halas' shoes, perhaps an impossible one. Here is a man whose career in football is unparalleled, yet listen to a story Mike Royko tells: "One time at a party I told Halas I wanted to ask him the tidiest cliché question in sports. I wanted to know, what was his greatest sports thrill? The Redskin game in 1940? The tour with Red Grange? That final championship in 1963? He thought a little and then he said, 'No, none of those. My greatest thrill in sports was the time in 1919 when I was trying to make it as an outfielder with the New York Yankees. I hit two balls out of the park off Walter Johnson. Not home runs, you understand. They were both foul by about a foot. But they went out of the park.'"

That will be a tough one for Jim Finks to top.

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FEAST OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL



THANKSGIVING WEEK PROVED HOWARD'S SHOW NO TURKEY

If you are enough of a college football fan to have watched all the games ABC-TV ran through your living room last week, you are now probably dizzy, comatose or badly in need of medication to wash away all the hashmarks burned into your eyeballs. During the seven-day period ending last Saturday evening, the network sent an average of 110 plays per day your way in games involving 10 of the top 20 teams. You have heard enough marching bands to put a headache poltice on a granite statue and caught glimpses of the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and even the Commander in Chief himself.

By televising the Penn State-Pittsburgh and Notre Dame-USC games during prime evening hours, ABC had expected to pull its ratings for NCAA football up to the level of a year ago. Early indications are that these gains failed to materialize, and that is most unwelcome news for Chuck Howard, producer of ABC's college football telecasts for the past nine seasons and second in command at ABC Sports.

When one is No. 2 to Boone Arledge, the sound of the trumpet is often muted, and Howard has worked largely without notice since coming to ABC in 1980. A 1955 Duke graduate who broadcast the Blue Devils' basketball and baseball games as well as editing the sports pages of the school paper, Howard has produced many of ABC's major

sporting telecasts, including coverage of the Munich Olympics, nine U.S. Opens and many memorable college football games.

Even among his detractors—and Howard has gained more than a few in his role as Vice-President in Charge of Program Production—he holds a deserved reputation for broad knowledge of almost all sports. This understanding has undoubtedly enhanced his technical skill in projecting the color, pageantry and joy of fall football afternoons

from College Park, Md. to College Station, Texas. Despite his disclaimer that "I'm not losing sleep over the ratings," Howard is almost surely distressed about the apparent absence of a late-season increase in the size of his audience. The TV industry has been looking at ABC's low overall Saturday ratings and questioning the network's non-sports programming decisions. A surge by college football would have made it, and its producer, look particularly good in comparison.

Howard had maintained since the college telecasts started on Sept. 7—before most students were even back on their campuses—that the ratings would equal those of last season. After 1988 the college ratings began going down, and in 1973 they slid to "an average of slightly more than 8 million homes per game." (Pro football ratings, except those for Monday night productions, also dropped in 1973.)

Howard had reason for optimism because the lower ratings early this season did not necessarily indicate a continued drop in interest in the college game. When baseball races tightest, as they did this fall, televised football suffers, particularly when the enthusiasm for baseball is sustained through World Series. This year ABC also had to contend with a balmy autumn that kept potential viewers outdoors, and with the NCAA's decision disqualifying highly ranked Oklahoma from appearing on television at all.

With its final game of the season (the Hula Bowl, Jan. 4), ABC will have broadcast about 80 hours of college football in a format drastically changed from a year ago. One new element is the use of two "college age" reporters, Jim Jample (25) and Don Toffel-son (22), to bring fresh "insights and dimensions" to the shows. Sometimes they have new dimensions in dullness. Most often they were restricted by the fact that there are so many plays in a college game that they did not have the air time to say much at all. The idea of using young sideline reporters is still worth pursuing, but the reports must be newsworthy, sound less like *General Hospital* and be delivered with some verve.

The use of an assortment of coaches as guest experts, instead of staying strictly with resident Coach Bud Wilkinson, proved only that some coaches are good commentators and some are terrible. Too many of them pulled their punches. They knew that sooner or later they would be playing one of the teams they were talking about and coaches never like to say anything that a potential opponent might hang upon a dressing-room wall. Still, Pepper Rodgers' view of alumni is worth repeating: "A good season for the alumni is when the team goes 11-0 and the coach gets fired at the end of the year," he said. Certainly, the most forceful statement delivered by any coach—or anyone else—came from Wilkinson three weeks ago when he blasted the NCAA and the bowl committees for selecting teams for post-season games before the conclusion of the season.

Another major change this year was the dropping of Duffy Daugherty as a regular member of the broadcasting crew. Daugherty, a marvelous after-dinner speaker, was as hilarious on the air as a new pattern. Switching from Chris Schenkel to Keith Jackson as the primary play-by-play announcer also has been an improvement and surely placated a growing army of Schenkel detractors. But already the Jackson-haters are ministering, which only proves that the main thing to remember about telecasting college football is that to become involved in it is to mix in matters of high passion and deep loyalties. At the very least, ABC deserves praise for bravery.

END



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When picking the most preposterous mismatch, the poor dollar against the song-and-dance team of Earl Butz at the supermarket keyboard and William Simon playing the gas pump is right up there. So is a fatso fighting the temptation of a chocolate bar. But neither can compare with the best of last week's season-opening dreadfuls: Indiana against Tennessee Tech.

Why doesn't Indiana, which has size, speed and a single-digit ranking in all the preseason polls, bite the bullet and pick on somebody its own size instead of an opponent with dark glasses and a white cane? That's simple. It is a basketball tradition for a top team to seek out one of the lowliest to get the season off to an easy start. So while North Carolina fattened up on Biscayne 101-74 and Memphis State mauled Montclair State 96-60, there were the Hoosiers with the plumpest Thanksgiving turkey of them all.

Tennessee Tech won seven games last year. When Sports Information Director Doug Stone was asked about the current squad's prospects, he drawled, "Awful." Still, continued Stone, the Golden Eagles were accustomed to facing super teams. "We played Austin Peay last year," he said proudly. And, Stone boasted, the school has a championship rifle team. "I wish I could interest someone in doing a story," he said. "The trouble is, you never know whom to send the letter to."

Rifle writers can contact Stone at Cookeville, Tenn., Zip Code unnecessary. A pleasant town set in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, Cookeville bills itself as "The Hub of the Upper Cumberland" and Tennessee Tech is at the hub's hub. Its basketball arena once was the largest in the state, but since it seats only 4,750 people it has dropped in the standings.

Tech did have a quality guard named Frank Jones to use against Indiana, but Willie Smith, one of its best players, was out with his third attack of tonsillitis, floor leader Tony DiLeo was recovering from mononucleosis, and every time 6'7" Center Alton Roark turned sideways he seemed to be missing too, since he weighs only 195 pounds. He also had bruised ribs and a wrist that can be used as a barometer. "Whenever it hurts, I know it's going to rain," he says. Sur-



Against Indiana, Tennessee Tech's Inman expresses how it feels to be

Mashed in a mismatch

rounding Roark were a group of Twig-gys, including a 6'8", 190-pound freshman starting at forward. "We could send them all to Indiana in a mailing tube instead of a bus," mourned Tech Coach Connie Inman, who has scheduled subsequent games against Mercer, David Lipscomb and Milligan, which are schools, not people. Things can only get better for Tech.

Last February, just about the time Tech's record was 5-18, Indiana called Inman about playing a game. Inman spent his apprenticeship coaching at rural high schools in Ohio and he knows all about being an underdog. While he did not admit it loudly, he harbored dreams of an upset. He scrounged up old Indiana game films, scanned scouting service reports, gratefully received telephone calls from former players and

strangers offering advice, attended a high school clinic to hear Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight speak ("He told me we would win," Inman says), dispatched an assistant coach to scout an Indiana intrasquad scrimmage, canceled a scrimmage of his own to thwart similar strategy on the part of the Hoosiers and took to greeting people with, "Do you think their press will hurt us?"

Meanwhile a rumor spread around the Tech campus that a janitor had discovered a scruffy red wig, cigarette butts and some film wrappers in one of the gymnasium ventilating shafts. However Knight gathered his information, Indiana was well briefed. The Hoosiers knew the Golden Eagles' starting five on a first-name basis and Knight told them solemnly that Tech "has two 6'9" centers and Frank Jones is an All-America."

Knight never has been an advocate of mercy killing. Indiana defeated Notre Dame 94-29 three years ago and its fiery leader was clearly aiming for a shutout Saturday. Practices were closed as usual, and when the team suffered a rash of mistakes during one of them, Knight angrily kicked over a chair, punched an assistant coach on the back and berated his players in a manner that would have caused less stoic young men to cry. At Knight's home on Thanksgiving the team had roll call, performed calisthenics, sang *Hail to the Chief*, dined on bread and water and conducted passing drills for dessert.

Indiana's Assembly Hall is a terrifying place for visiting teams. The Hoosiers have lost only twice there since the arena opened three years ago and on Saturday there were just 60 Tennessee Tech fans sprinkled among the 16,094 spectators. When the visitors walked out for the tip-off, they could be forgiven for trembling as the bright lights and awesome sound beat down on them. The Indiana players, huge red-haired Center Kent Benson, star Guard Quinn Buck-

continued



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Jonathan Livingston

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AMF BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN YOU

Head the latest Auburn football joke? Seems that two Tiger players, fresh from a class in Fundamentals of Hawn Slappin' II, were sent to check out Auburn's new deluxe team bus—a pick-up truck. While one player stood behind the vehicle, the other flipped on the directional signals and then shouted, "Are they workin'?" "No, they ain't," cried his companion. "Er, yes, they is . . . no . . . yes . . . no . . . yes . . ."

Richard Todd, the Alabama quarterback, felt called upon to relate this thigh-slapper last week, just a few hours after he and a large cast of supporting heroes led the Crimson Tide to a historic 17-13 victory over the Tigers on Birmingham's Legion Field. After all, if Alabama had lost, he knows that Auburn folks would be saying that when he goes swimming back home in Mobile he leaves a ring around the Gulf of Mexico.

As it is, when Todd does return home he expects the same treatment he got last year after the Crimson Tide won the annual Bud-Mouth Bowl, 35-0. "I didn't mind all the phone calls cussin' me out for going to Alabama," he says, "but it kinda hurt when some of my old high school teachers who are Auburn fans refused to talk to me."

Make no mistake, old school ties run so deep in the "heart of Dixie" that rubbing a rival's nose in the trough is deemed a God-given right, not to mention being good-natured fun. Razzing, in fact, is seen as a healthy substitute for the riots that, among other disputes, caused the rivalry to be broken off in 1907. Hostilities were not resumed until 1948 when, under pressure from the state legislature, the two schools buried a ceremonial hatchet in Birmingham's Woodrow Wilson Park. And ever since, any Alabamian can recount each game from an outrageously biased viewpoint.

Auburn supporters, for instance, still accuse Alabama of creating the cyclone that struck Birmingham in 1967, and somehow blew Tide Quarterback Kenny Stabler to a muddy 47-yard scoring romp that defeated the Tigers 10-3.

"If you live in Alabama," says Stabler, now the sunshine boy of the Oakland Raiders, "you have to live with Auburn people all year long. So you dish it out when you win because you're going to have to listen to it when you lose. And I don't mean just for the week after

Battle for braggin' rights

Losing the Alabama-Auburn game is bad enough, but the excruciating part is that you have to endure all those insults for a whole year

the game, I mean until the next one."

That prospect is enough to give Bear Bryant an advanced case of what he calls "stall walkin'." While most Americans were enjoying Thanksgiving last week, the Bear was scratching around in his office looking for mislaid keys, gazing enigmatically at some new plays chalked on the walls and intermittently giving forth with his famous mumble-rumble. "The one thing I'm thankful for on this day," he said, "is that I'm still alive. If someone could guarantee me a one-point victory over Auburn tomorrow, I'd be the happiest old man in the United States."

Rummaging around on a desk cluttered with papers, golf balls, Breakfast Squares, Chesterfield Kings and lotions for "sun-sensitive skin," Bryant confessed, "I'm worried about our kicking game, about injuries, about how well our cripples will do. So many things can happen to a team. Drownings, auto accidents, a kid could fall in love. . . ." Then, without once mentioning that undefeated Alabama, No. 1 in the UPI coaches' poll, and No. 6 Auburn were playing for the national as well as the Southeastern Conference championships, he put the game into perspective. "The state championship of Alabama means everything. This game is for braggin' rights for the next 365 days."

Though Bryant's teams have lost to Auburn only five times since he began coaching at Alabama in 1958, the Bear knows all too well how raucous that braggin' can get. Like those years when he tried to seek refuge in his cabin on Lake Martin, only to be buzzed by an armada of boaters squawking, "War Eagle!" the old Auburn rallying cry.

Auburn's Shug Jordan winces to a different refrain. It happens more often than not when he pulls up to a stoplight and has to sit there while another motorist revs his engine in unison with cries of "Ro-o-oll Tide!"

More important than the hyperbolic boasts that both coaches have had made on their behalf—Jordan, a retiring Southern gentleman, is the only active coach to have a stadium named after him, while Bryant is billed in the ads for a personally autographed full-color portrait as OUR OWN NATIONALLY RESPECTED LIVING LEGEND—is what the two old warriors had in common this season. Going into last week's encounter, each coach had brought his team through a crisis period to emerge as a contender for the national title.

In Alabama's case, says Bryant, it was the "worst rash of injuries I've ever seen a team suffer." First there was the pre-season shoulder separation that sidelined Quarterback Gary Rutledge and then the leg bruise that benched Todd, his replacement, for three games at midseason. Never able to start the same offensive unit twice in succession, at one point the crippled Crimson found themselves

continued



BEAR'S TIDE SANK AN AUBURN ARMADA

scrambling to salvage an 8-7 win and their self-respect from Florida State, losers of 16 in a row. "Our kids kept thinking that those other boys would fold directly," says Bryant, "and when they didn't, everyone had to dig down deep to where their pride lives."

After a week's layoff, the Tide came to Birmingham fitter than it had been all season. Especially Todd, a strapping 6'2", 209-pound specimen to begin with, who was again running the option with the muscular authority that belies a former state shotput champion. "If I was as big and as strong as Richard," says backup 'Bama Quarterback Robert Frayley, "I'd just tell the coaches I was going over in the corner and work on my pro game."

Auburn's malaise was a lingering thing that began in 1972 after a heady 17-16 victory over Alabama, by virtue of two blocked kicks in the fourth quarter that were turned into instant touchdowns. "We were wired and dined and banqueted, and everybody became a public speaker," says Jordan. "Unfortunately, some of the boys forgot that they were also supposed to be football players." The result was a 6-6 record last season that was frankly embarrassing. But out of that disaster came a strong resolve that 1974 was the year to get the show back on the road.

The Tigers, little more than hopeful extras in the preseason rankings, showed how deserving they were of star billing last week when they shared and almost stole center stage from the Crimson Tide. In a fierce, fitful contest, it seemed as though it was the Alabama sophisticates, blowing one opportunity after another, who were saying, Yes... no... yes... no...

The Tide began on a negative note when, after striking deep into Auburn territory with a lob pass to Orzue Newsome that was good for 35 yards, Todd fumbled the ball away on the Auburn 3. Stalled on its 22, Auburn gave hint of further misadventures when Clyde Baumgartner, barely wearing a high snap, was lucky to get off his punt. Alabama, with Calcutt Culliver supplying the punch and Willie Shelby the footwork, was again moving in for the kill when it was stung with a clipping penalty. Then Todd, dropping back and seeing that one Auburn defender had Newsome, his pri-

mary receiver, in something akin to a half nelson, threw a swing pass to Shelby, who caught it on the run and did not stop until he crossed the goal line some 45 yards later.

The Tide, which has had to endure taunting shouts of "punt, 'Bama, punt" ever since that one-point loss to the Tigers two years ago, soon had good reasons for turning the chant around. Early in the second period Baumgartner hobbled another errant snap deep in Auburn territory and his kick, partially blocked by End Dick Turpin, was recovered by a red horde for a net loss of 12 yards. Five plays later, Bucky Berrey added a 36-yard field goal to widen Alabama's lead to 10 points.

On their very first play after the kick-off the Tigers showed some true grit when Sedrick McIntyre bolted over right tackle for 21 rejuvenating yards. Hitting the same hole with pistonlike precision for seven of the next 11 plays, Auburn drove 50 more yards and sent McIntyre, the game's top rusher with 99 yards, in to score on a plunge. That made it Alabama 10, Auburn 7. The Tigers threatened to tie it up at the half but Leroy Cook, an end who, as one 'Bama assistant says, "specializes in throwing his face into someone's boot," blocked Chris Wilson's 21-yard field-goal attempt.

Flaunting its depth, Alabama called on Halfback Randy Billingsley in the third quarter, and he responded by spearheading a long drive with 39 yards in two flashy carries. It remained, however, for the workhorse Culliver to deliver the touchdown with a 13-yard burst up the middle.

Then, rising bright and full above the stadium, what is known locally as a possum-huntin' moon seemed to signal a strange happening. It came when Auburn sophomore Phil Gargis threw a long pass that Tom Gossom hauled in and ran into the end zone for what appeared to be a 41-yard score. The pandemonium quickly abated when the officials ruled the pass incomplete because Gossom, hit with a pro-like bump coming off the line, had stepped out of bounds before the ball was in the air. In the press box George Smith of *The Anniston (Ala.) Star* exclaimed, "I been to two goat ropin's and a county fair and I ain't ever seen anything like that."

Alabama now wishes it had not seen

the conclusion of its next long trek when Todd, trying a keeper on fourth and goal, was all but belted back to Mobile. Midway through the final period, spurred by Baumgartner's 12-yard pass on a fake field-goal attempt, Auburn went 72 yards to score on a dive by Gargis. Failing on a two-point conversion try, the Tigers got the ball one last time with the score 17-13 and barely a minute remaining. But Gargis, pivoting to hand off for an end reverse, found instead the clawing paws of Defensive End Mike Dubose, who slapped the ball loose and then fell on it to clinch an unprecedented fourth straight SEC title for Alabama.

Jordan, whose Tigers will meet Texas in the Gator Bowl, said disconsolately, "We played good enough to win. We just didn't. And I'll tell you this. If Alabama is No. 1, then Auburn is No. 1½."

Bryant, exercising his bragging rights, allowed that now that the Crimson Tide had won the state championship he was, in a kind of patriotic gesture, out to add the other 49 in one fell swoop. "I'm taking what might be my greatest team ever to the Orange Bowl," he said, "to play Notre Dame, the greatest prestige team."

Bryant's exuberant evaluation of the New Year's night clash of the "greats" proved to be a bit premature (see page 30). Still, by his count Alabama has lost "a jillion bowl games in a row" (six and a tie, to be exact), the most recent being its bitter 24-23 defeat last Dec. 31 by Notre Dame, and the law of averages, if nothing else, figures to be on Alabama's side this time. If it is, will the old Bear, at 60, elect to retire and go out like a champion?

"Heck, no," he says in astonishment at the thought. Indeed, late of a night at Joe Namath's local restaurant, insiders whispered that what Bryant is shooting for is the really big No. 1—the most wins ever by a college coach. A mark that has been owned for decades by Amos Alonzo Stagg, it stands at an Olympian 314. But Bryant, who now has 242 victories to show for his 30 years in the trade, could elbush right to the summit if he is ready to endure another decade or so of stall walking.

If The Bear is harboring any such epic designs under that checkered hat of his, he isn't letting on. All he will say is that if he wins the national title this year, his next goal will be "to win another." **END**



The Hot Adam's Apple

(Smirnoff, boiled cider and spices.)

Americans have always liked their coffee hot and their tea hot, but time was, they liked their liquor hot, too. Colonial tipplers liked their spirits steaming and, despite what you may have heard, they seldom took them straight.

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Hatching up a new fishery

Don Brown wanted his dinners to be legal, so he started a campaign to propagate the sea-run trout



The streams in this story must go unnamed, to protect an innocent writer who enjoys getting maul but not the kind that ticks. The reason is that on and near Cape Cod there swims a fish, the sea-run brown trout, that causes men—sportsmen, some of them—to do strange things. Last month, for example, in a stream in the Cape town of Mashpee, a Massachusetts fisheries biologist encountered a trout angler who seemed to be plying his gentle art by assaulting the fish with a gaff hook. And when the biologist returned to his truck, with its covered holding-tank filled with live fish for the hatchery, another trout man had already been there and made off with the seven largest specimens.

These were desperate men. The sea-run brown trout of Cape Cod are not plentiful, but they do grow large—for trout, at least—and they do so by chomping on the ocean's bounty while usually looking down their noses at meals with strings attached. So a few frustrated anglers turn to gaff hooks and larceny, and to firearms. Last fall in Plymouth one group of trout men opened up with shotguns, and brought home a pail of what could best be described as Swiss trout. In another town, Kingston, the weapon was a .22 rifle.

This excessive behavior can be explained, partially at least, by the fact there are no experts in the sea-run brown

trout fishery, not if expertise means consistent success. But the nearest thing to one is a 32-year-old professional flyer and lifelong angler named Brown—Don Brown—who somehow manages to obtain an occasional trout without resorting to guns or gaff hooks. Still, it isn't easy. "I've fished a lot of places for a lot of things," he says, "but this is the toughest fishing I've ever done." It is tough in many ways.

One morning recently Don Brown left his Kingston home at 5 a.m. The temperature was 20°. A half hour later, after crossing the Cape Cod Canal, he parked his car beside a colony of shuttered summer cottages on Cape Cod Bay, near the mouth of a stream, one of more than a dozen on the Cape with a population of sea-run browns. The tide was low, exposing barnacles and mussel beds, and a vast stretch of salt marsh extended upstream. It seems an odd place for a man with a fly rod fishing for trout. But at the creek mouth there was a shallow tidal pool, and Brown remembered another day of drizzle and chill, five years before to the month. The trout season closed in October then, and that day he released two sea-run browns. He could not close his two hands around either one. They weighed about eight pounds each, he says, and they were fresh from the sea, bright silver with black spots, brown only in name. Don Brown has never seen trout

like them again, but he knew they were there, bigger ones, too, at some tide, in some creek, on Cape Cod, somewhere.

And now it was another November day, and Don Brown was freezing, but with a purpose. All over the Cape the big shining fish were returning to fresh water to spawn, not shoals of them but a few each day per stream, to Cape Cod Bay streams and to those flowing into Vineyard Sound, on the Cape's south side. They had grown an inch or more each month in the sea, and coping with its dangers had made them even more wary than non-migrating browns, the smartest of the trout. But aside from that and being bigger and stronger and silver, they were just regular brown trout, *Salmo trutta*. They had left their streams, and others had stayed, and no one knew why. That is the mystery of the sea-run brown.

That afternoon, at high tide, there were 16-inch sea-run fish upriver, terrorizing schools of small bait, at least until Brown cast to them. Then the river was suddenly quiet. But when Brown put down his rod and backed away from the banks, the commotion resumed.

Next morning at five Brown was heading down the Cape again. "It's unbelievable what these fish have done to the minds of some people," he said. And the state of Massachusetts is attempting to spread the disease. Other northeast states

continued

The Union 76 Economy Test is over.

Early this summer, we started the planning and execution of a fuel economy test. This test involved many of the new 1975 model cars. Our intention from the beginning was to use this test purely as a public service for the energy-minded consumer.

Our testing procedure was unique in that it was run "on the road," in contrast to the dynamometer tests run by the EPA (Environmental Protection Agency). To insure impartiality, the economy test was run by Union Oil with the cooperation of NASCAR. The cars that you see on

the opposite page were purchased at random by Union-NASCAR teams. These cars were then impounded under guard at Daytona International Speedway. Before any of the cars were tested, NASCAR and Union technicians checked each car to make sure they met factory specifications. Then the cars had to pass emission control tests to the specifications and standards of the EPA. The emissions testing was conducted by AESI (Automotive Environmental Systems, Inc.). All cars participating had radial tires except those indicated by the notation (NR) in the chart. Finally, this test followed the Society of Automotive Engineers procedure E-1082.

In order to create as realistic a testing situation as possible, we tried

to simulate your kind of driving. Some city, some highway. Therefore the cars were operated under three driving situations: an Urban Cycle (avg. speed 15.6 MPH), a Suburban Cycle (avg. speed 41.1 MPH), and an Interstate Cycle (avg. speed 55 MPH).

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The National Center
for Voluntary Action



FISHING (continued)

have sea-run browns—Maine, Connecticut (which is experimenting with eggs from Sweden) and New York, with a stream or two on Long Island. But only Massachusetts is conducting an extensive electroshock program. Spawning sea-run browns are stunned momentarily, then transported to hatcheries, where their eggs are stripped and fertilized. In two months they hatch into new generations of brown trout, hopefully with migratory tendencies. These are planted back in the streams, and after a year they will go to sea. A few reenter the river all through the summer, but these are mostly smaller fish. The spawners, larger trout, usually return in late fall. This year browns up to seven pounds were shocked in a stream off Vineyard Sound, one of the Cape's smallest.

Joe Bergen, a state fisheries biologist, estimates that about 49 trout have returned to that stream this fall. But within four years, if the program succeeds, he sees that number rising to 200 or more. Larger Cape streams would show a comparable rate of increase, some into the thousands of fish.

The infertility of most Massachusetts trout waters has always limited the success of its trout program: three inches of growth in a year was considered good. But the shock technique opens up an ocean full of food to work with, and a trout bonanza may be in the offing. As Bergen says, "We hope to have a sea-run brown trout fishery for almost every coastal town in the state, north and south of Boston."

If that happens, then the man who started it all should be honored in some way, perhaps with a name change in the fishing books: *Sea-Run Don Brown Trout* would do. He was the man. As late as the '60s, on the Cape, no one talked about these fish, that would have been treason. A very few anglers had what amounted to a private stock of trout on public property, and they were afraid the fishery would be ruined. In numbers of fish it was extremely limited, and it still is. Then, as now, the largest trout returned after the season closed. But Don Brown wanted his November trout dinner to be legal, and he thought the fishery could be made more productive, so he began to pester the state's Fisheries and Game Division.

They told him there was no mass interest in sea-run trout, so he set out to arouse it. He bought a secondhand movie cam-

era and spent the spring, fall and summer weekends for three years on his stream near the cottage colony. He knew nothing about making movies, but he came up with a 15-minute film of himself and two friends catching sea-run browns. Then he spent the next three years showing the film at sportsmen's clubs across the state. One scene showed the release of two- and three-pound trout, and the audiences all but climbed the walls. Where, when, how? everyone wanted to know. And finally the state extended the season. Last fall the shocking program was begun. Already 4,000 young trout have been put back in 10 streams.

But Don Brown refuses to sit and wait for the fish to show in large numbers. There already are enough sea-run browns for him to not catch, and the day after his failure with the feeding fish he was in the river mouth again at dawn. The tide was dead low, but upstream there were pools cut by the river at a bend, and Brown had studied them all: what kind of shelter they might offer a wary trout, how that fish might be stranded by the falling tides. And now he began walking and wading upstream, ever so cautiously. He crossed the last stretch of sandbar on his knees, and finally sat low on his haunches and studied the pool. His first casts were short. It would not do to frighten a fish in close, and for 10 minutes, methodically and slowly, he worked his streamer fly through the pool. Once he thought he saw something. He switched to a smaller fly, a Grey Ghost, and he glanced nervously downstream. Soon the tide would be running in, and he could easily be stranded on the bar. Finally he tied on a tiny crayfish fly, his own creation. He began crawling it, nymphing it, along the bottom of the pool, and soon he rose from his knees, a beatific smile on his face.

The trout was only 14 inches long, but it fought the rod its 14 inches worth, and then it fought some more: life in the ocean is tougher than life in a trout pond. The trout's upper body was a light olive green, its black-spotted, silvery sides had a rosy glow, and Brown held it still in the water, cradling it in his hands until the gills began to work regularly. Then he let it swim away.

He could not wait to talk about his fish, how it took the fly, how it fought. He began to reconstruct the morning. He would have to decide on a suitable cover as to where it was spent.

END

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Tonight
that jolly fat man
comes down the
chimney.

Better
hide the
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Arf.

It would be easy to say that Emile Griffith, eroded by time, has lost his usefulness as a fighter. It would be easy enough—but it also would be wrong.

Two weeks ago Griffith lost a fight in Madison Square Garden to a young, tough middleweight named Vito Antuofermo. He lost with honor and a fine right hand to the belly that was overlooked by the officials. But he didn't look tired or bad, nor, most of the time, did he look the 36 years that is his listed age.

This was Griffith's 99th pro fight, his 28th in the Garden and 25th main-event bout there, a record. In losing the battle, he moved down a notch in the traditional categories that make up boxing. There are champions and contenders, and there are hurdles. Now Griffith, for the next two or three years that he persists in fighting, will be considered a hurdle.

Applying this sports cliché, a hurdle is the prizefighter that a young man—Antuofermo is 22—has to clear before he can become a serious challenger for the title. Griffith rejects this labeling, of course; he still thinks of himself as a challenger.

He has had a flamboyant, exciting and tragic boxing career. Griffith never wanted to fight, though he got his baptism in his native city of Charlotte Amalie in the Virgin Islands, battling an array of youngsters who had offended his cousin. The cousin would line up 12 or 15 youngsters to do combat with Emile, and Emile would knock them off one at a time. When Griffith left the islands in 1949 to join his mother in Harlem, his cousin prudently decided to leave, too.

In New York, Griffith went to work for a hat manufacturer named Howard Albert. His skill at turning out women's fancy creations led to a story that he was homosexual and Griffith had to fight that rumor along with his opponents in the ring. "I am a friendly man," he said not long ago. He says "mahn" for man, a vestige of his Virgin Islands upbringing. "When I stop on the street to talk to someone, I do not think about the mahn I talk to. I like people. So people may say bad things about me, but they are wrong."

Griffith won world championships five times, twice as a middleweight and three times as a welterweight, and it is an unhappy circumstance that he fought in divisions usually overlooked in the general enthusiasm for heavyweights. He has

Onward but downward

Five times a champion and still formidable at 36, Emile Griffith slips a rung against a young foe

posted 80 victories in the 16 years he has been a reluctant dragon. "I was perfectly happy working for Howie Albert in his hat shop," Griffith says. "I am not the violent type."

But Albert, once a fighter himself, saw Griffith working with his shirt off one afternoon and suggested that his powerful body made him a natural for the sport. Emile is an oversized middleweight from the waist up and an undersized lightweight below the waist. His spindly legs provide a precarious launching pad for the heavy shots he can deliver from the thick, muscled torso. "Howie enticed me in the Golden Gloves," Griffith says. "I did not really want to do it, but it worked out all right."

Griffith's mother did not want him to fight at first, either. Her name is Emelda and she has been to most of her son's bouts, always sitting near ringside in large and colorful hats and always yelling loudly for her son. "I was very worried about him for a long time," she says, "but now I have decided that he can take care of himself. So I do not worry so much."

She was at ringside in 1962 on the night Griffith suffered his most traumatic experience. He killed Benny Paret in the ring at Madison Square Garden, a tragic accident that many observers trace to the hesitation of Referee Ruby Goldstein. Paret had twice called Emile *maricón* at weigh-ins, *maricón* being Spanish for homosexual. Before the fight, Paret had patted Griffith on the bottom before using the epithet and only the intervention of Gil Clancy, Emile's co-manager, prevented the fight from tak-



AFTER 99 BOUTS, THE POWER REMAINS

ing place right in front of the scales.

In the ring, in the 12th round, Griffith trapped Paret on the ropes and battered him unmercifully. Paret, his arms hanging over the ropes, could not protect himself, and Goldstein, for some confused moments, did not stop the fight. When at last he stepped between the fighters, Paret slumped to the canvas, bleeding from the ears. One ringside viewer said, "They better call an ambulance." Another, more astute, said, "No, they better call a hearse."

Paret died, and with him died whatever small touch of vicious might have animated Griffith. Now he tries not to think of what he calls "the accident," but the memory ravaged him for a long time.

"I would have nightmares about Paret," he says. "I would dream I met him on the street and I would say hello and he would put out his hand and I would take it and it would be cold and clammy." Griffith would wake up screaming.

continued

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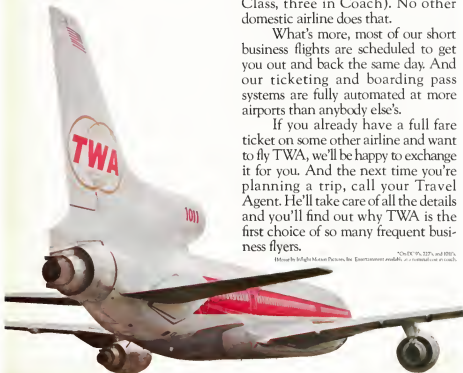
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BOXING - continued

After his loss to Antuofermo, someone asked Griffith why he had not followed up an early advantage. A minute into the first round he had hit the younger man with a solid right hand and opened a cut over his eye. Griffith considered his answer. "I guess I do not have the killer instinct," he said softly.

Before this fight, sitting in the tiny cubicle that is reserved for him in a grimy little gymnasium on 28th Street in New York, Griffith reflected on his long and remarkable career.

"I think I have got more mature," he said. "I used to swing wild when I was a young man—*bang, bang, bang!* Now I can do *bing-bing-bing* when I have to, but I place my punches more carefully. In all the fights I have had, I have tried to learn something from each opponent so that when I go into the next ring, I am more wise than I was."

He has no regrets, though much of the more than \$2 million he has earned in the ring was spent on a large family and on friends, waifs and acquaintances who have sponged on him for years. "I wanted to be a baseball player," he says. "I was a very good catcher, you know. That of course was in baseball, you know. I am not a catcher in boxing. I am a hitter."

Griffith is a vain man, like most fighters. His mother made him have his picture taken before he started boxing so that she could later show him the damage done to him by being hit in the face. "That was when I was 15 or 16," he says, smiling and showing an unbroken row of very white teeth, "but I do not look so very different now, do I? And she would not sign my contract when Mr. Albert went into partnership with Mr. Gil Clahncy so I could fight as a professional. For six months she kept the contract in her hahn and would not sign it for fear I would be hurt. But finally I said to her, I said, 'Mommy, if you do not sign the contract I will sign it myself when I grow old enough,' and then she signed it, you know."

Griffith won the welterweight championship after only three years in the ring, and he was one of the best fighters in the world for a long time. His only defect as a boxer was a certain lack of attention to the job at hand. Time and again, even in his big matches, he would establish dominance over his opponent, then seem to lose interest.

"Mr. Clahncy is a mean mahn," he

says. "But I think I needed a mean mahn. He used to hit me in the face during a fight to get my attention and I did nahi like that, but it made me fight better." Griffith still fights coolly, displaying a competence that seems more than adequate—but a detachment that remains a handicap.

Antuofermo is from Bari, Italy, and has lived in the U.S. for six years. He is a good fighter, a bit reminiscent of Rocky Graziano, and while he came into this bout an underdog, he was a confident one. He stepped out swinging hard, and missing, and Emile tugged him with the short, hard right hand that opened the cut over his eye. It did not discourage Antuofermo at all.

He forced the fight all the way, disregarding the heavy right-hand uppercuts landing below his heart time and again, swinging constantly and occasionally connecting to disturb the pattern of sweat beads outlining the bald spot on the top of Griffith's head.

After the fight Griffith sat quietly in his dressing room, swigging water from a polka-dotted ice bag. His face, which has none of the graffiti of forgotten punches marking most old boxers, was smooth and oddly peaceful. He thought he had won the fight, but he was not unduly disturbed that he had not.

"They don't count body punches, do they?" said Clahncy. "He was hitting the kid all the time to the body and those blind so-and-sos didn't see it. He wins the fight. He wins the fight."

"Mommy, don't be so upset," Griffith said to his mother, who was sitting beside him and crying. "Here. You take this. You need it more than I do." He handed her the cold water bottle.

"I think you won the fight," a friend said to him. "I don't know how anyone could have scored it 8-2 for the other guy."

"Eight-two?" Griffith said. "Ain't no way I lose 8-2. He never hurt me. Look at my face, mahn. You see anything?" His face was cheerful. He looked like a winner.

"What now, Emile?" someone else asked, and Griffith smiled. He seemed, for no good reason, a happy man.

"Now I go back to work, mahn," he said. "I am not disgraced, am I? I was not tired after this fight, I was strong. So, anyone who wants to fight me, I will fight. Emile Griffith is not finished, mahn."

END

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He trained on Agony Hill

Kenya's John Ngeno was ready for the hard pockmarked course that hurt other runners

Because Americans so often hold major cross-country races on parkland or golf courses, distance runners who excel upon gentle hills and resilient turf have dominated the national championships. Steve Prefontaine of Oregon won three NCAA titles before graduating last year, and Frank Shorter, the Olympic marathon champion, entered last Saturday's AAU title run in Belmont, Calif. with the justifiable expectation of making it his fifth championship in as many years.

But each cross-country course affects the runners laboring upon it, punishing most, rewarding the peculiar strengths of a few. The 10,000 meters of rock-hard clay trail at Belmont, curling through the mesquite bushes high above San Francisco Bay, were best for the nimble and the tough. A field of 300 started, a dangerously large number considering the gopher-ventilated ground over which the runners were to sprint for position during the first quarter mile.

Nick Rose of Western Kentucky and Bristol, England, who had won the NCAA meet over a golf course in Indiana five days earlier, jogged the Belmont route in practice. "I've wanted to run in the AAU championship for years," he said, "because the AAU always has better runners than the NCAA. But it doesn't seem like cross-country if you don't have grass, does it? That ground is unbelievably hard. It seems better suited for motorcycles, actually."

Billed as the first-ever cross-country match between Shorter and Prefontaine, the race was deflated in the final hours by Prefontaine's decision to stay home. "I'm in the worst shape I've been in for five years," he said, "and I don't care to be embarrassed." In Prefontaine's absence Neil Cusack from Ireland, the Boston Marathon champion, seemed the best bet to battle Shorter. "He's gutsy tough," said Rose. "He's a hard driver, better on tough courses." Shorter, as is his custom, did not arrive until the morning of the race. Warming up, he seemed distracted, consumed by worries. "I've been training at 9,200 feet," he said. "I don't know if I've been at sea level long enough to adjust back. I haven't done any speed work, so I can't start fast. This will be a real test."

The starting gun was fired by Peter Seell, the New Zealand Olympic gold medalist now studying at the University of California's Davis campus. The army of runners answered with a rumbling downhill charge, their collective footsteps on the clay sounding like a cloud-burst on an enormous tin roof. After 600 yards the pack funneled onto the trail. Running blissfully 10 yards ahead was Kenyan half-miler Mike Bolt of Eastern New Mexico, taking full, if brief, advantage of his speed. Ted Castaneda of the Colorado Track Club was near the front, as was Cusack. John Ngeno, another Kenyan from Washington State University, and Rose were well-placed in the top 20. Shorter was engulfed by the pack. As the field rumbled off, several fallen entrants lay writhing with injured ankles, beating the dry indifferent earth in pain and frustration. At 1½ miles, near the top of the first grinding hill, Bolt had dropped back, and Cusack and Rose were in the lead with Ngeno and Castaneda right behind. Shorter, glassy-eyed and distant, was working his way from 50th place.

As the trail descended from a ridge that had a misty view of the bay, the relaxed Cusack and the snorting, animated Ngeno moved away from the rest. At 2½ miles Matt Centrowitz of the New York AC went down hard in a rutted depression, felt something pop in his hip and rolled off into the dry grass and burrs. At the halfway mark, Cusack and Ngeno were drawing farther ahead, and most of the field behind them looked sore from the pounding. Expressions were those of disgust, recrimination. At four miles Ngeno surged into the lead, breaking contact with the now-straining Cusack. At five miles the Kenyan had a 100-yard lead.

The finish was on the crest of one last

cruel hill. Ngeno drove up and over the line in 29:58.8. Cusack made it 16 seconds later. "That hill took the last bit of my momentum," he said later. "It seemed that I ended stock-still on the line, like a crucifixion."

Castaneda, the first American finisher, was third, and that fine performance led his Colorado Track Club to the team title over the New York AC. Shorter, ash-en and unsteady, finished 11th.

"The combination of coming down too late from altitude and getting caught in the pack did me in," he said, "but I don't think I could have won, anyway, not against Ngeno on this kind of country."

John Ngeno (pronounced *ne-no*) is from the town of Kericho in the Rift Valley of Kenya, a region that has its share of sunbaked clay. He is a rather thick-waisted man of 21, and as he accepted the camelia wreath of victory he spoke with a disarming simplicity. "I am so strong now it is very hard for me to get tired," he said. "I came to this meet because I did not win the NCAA last Monday. I lost there because I did not get to the front early. Today I knew I had to start fast, I wanted to race Cusack and Rose and Shorter." He smiled a broad, unselfconscious smile, flecked at the corners with froth. "It was easy today. It was warm and I have been training hard. Some of my 10-mile runs have been faster and harder than I ran today." He likened the course not only to the hills of East Africa but to those around the WSU campus in Pullman, Wash. "We have one there we call Agony Hill. It is feared by everyone. Then there is one even more painful. That is called Ngeno's Hill."

Ngeno ran well in 10,000-meter races on the track in Europe this summer, and he expects to do the distance next year in 27:25, some five seconds under Dave Bedford's world mark, but he clearly has an attachment, too, to running well over rugged landscapes. "I did not always like cross-country races with hundreds of runners because I like to start easy. But now, when I have to go hard to be free at the first of the race, I can do it." As he spoke, he caught sight of Rose, his conqueror five days earlier, who finished far back this day. "On some courses better than others," he added. **END**

Dubious triumph in Florida

Nicaraguans believe they were thrown a chengeup in St. Petersburg by the U.S. organizers and thereby deprived of the world amateur title

The United States captured its second consecutive World Amateur Baseball Championship recently when a squad of collegians defeated a Nicaraguan team composed mostly of sugarcane and tobacco-factory workers 9-2 before 400-odd fans at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Fla. Last year a similar U.S. team edged the Nicaraguans 1-0 in a 10-inning finale that drew 28,000 to a makeshift 9,000-seat stadium in Nicaragua, shortly after part of that country was devastated by an earthquake. That the Nicaraguans took their responsibilities as hosts more seriously than did the U.S. was shown by the \$500,000 they spent to stage their tournament as opposed to this year's U.S. budget of about \$10,000, and by the generally shabby treatment accorded the visiting teams in Florida where Italy, Colombia, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Taiwan, South Africa and Canada were represented along with Nicaragua.

The tournament began with an Olympic-style ceremony that was meant to set the tone for what everyone hoped would be a dignified event. Each team, in full uniform and carrying its national flag, marched in from the center-field fence and lined up around home plate. But the solemnity of the ceremony was marred when a local minor league official appeared at the plate with a handheld microphone and began hawking souvenirs to the 300 or so fans present. From that moment on the dignity of the occasion began to fade. By the conclusion of the 12-day tournament, it seemed that the stated goal of fostering brotherhood among nations had been revised to inspiring animosity. Groups of foreign delegates huddled in the shadows of the nearly deserted stands and accused their hosts of promoting the tournament as if it were a convention of international spies who wished to conduct their affairs in secrecy. As examples of inhospitality they could point to the Dominican team being asked to leave its motel and the

failure of the organizers to provide off-field diversions for the athletes.

The object of much of this discontent was the overseer of the event, William P. (Dutch) Fehring, director of intramural sports at Stanford University and president of the World Amateur Baseball Federation. Fehring, a tall, stooped, gaunt man whose misfortune it is to resemble Ebenezer Scrooge, was an infrequent spectator at the games. On those occasions when he did appear at Al Lang Field, it was usually to openly cheer on the U.S. team.

On the playing field itself there were two near riots, each quelled only by the arrival of five police squad cars. Both disturbances were precipitated by an umpire's decision, followed by threats to "kill the umpire" (in Spanish), which were taken to heart by one of the American officials who understood Spanish.



FEHRING SPOKE OF SOLACE

On another occasion the Taiwanese threatened to lodge a protest when one of their players stroked a triple and, while standing on third base, was called out by an umpire for using a colored bat. The Taiwanese accused the U.S. umpires of taking advantage of them because of the language barrier. Coming on the heels of their recent banishment by the U.S. Little League organization, the Taiwanese could be excused for being slightly paranoid in their dealings with anybody in U.S. baseball, and after a second run-in with the U.S. officials they held a meeting to decide whether to withdraw. Because they had spent so much money just coming to the U.S., most of the players voted to finish out the tournament, but only after such a hotly debated team meeting that their play on the field suffered. A heavily favored entry, the Taiwanese were able to win only three games in eight tries. Three of their losses were by one run.

Finally, there was the claim by the Nicaraguans that they actually had won the tournament but had been cheated out of their victory by an arbitrary ruling by Fehring. According to the Nicaraguans, the winner of the round-robin event should have been the team with the best win-loss record. Since both the U.S. and Nicaragua had finished with identical 7-0-1 records, and since their only meeting had resulted in a 6-6 tie in a game called because of darkness after nine innings (it was the only game of the tournament to be played at an unlighted ball park in Bradenton), the Nicaraguans claimed that according to international rules that game should be replayed in its entirety, with the winner being crowned world champion. At a meeting in the St. Petersburg Hilton, Fehring negated that argument. With Glen Tackett, the U.S. baseball coach, beside him, and the Nicaraguans facing him across the conference table, Fehring said, "That game just evaporated into the darkness in Bradenton, that's all." Then he instituted a best two-of-three series between the two teams, apparently in the hope that it would generate some more money, which the financially troubled tournament badly needed to pay off debts in St. Petersburg.

The Nicaraguans' insistence that they won the championship was based on their subsequent opening-game victory—the winners slapped line drives to every part of the outfield against American

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BASEBALL

fastball pitching—in the best-of-three series with the collegians. That game, they asserted, constituted the replaying of their 6-6 tie with the U.S., and it gave them an overall record of 8-0-1 to 7-1-1 for the Americans. But Fehring stuck to his playoff decision and the two teams met again that night in the second game of the series.

Baffling the free-swinging U.S. hitters with an assortment of soft curveballs that seemed barely to reach the plate, Nicaragua's Julio Juarez was protecting a 3-2 lead going into the ninth inning. The Nicaraguan fans, about 20 of them, joined by most of the other South American and Puerto Rican delegates, began to surge around the home-plate screen anticipating final victory and a wild celebration. They cheered Juarez' every pitch in the ninth inning and were not daunted when he walked the first batter he faced. Then, with two outs and two strikes on the batter, Doug Coon, a Brigham Young University senior, Juarez gave up a single. Ron Hasvey, a 6'2" third baseman from Arizona, followed with a game-tying single, and Jim Willis of the University of Oregon hit a routine ground ball to short that was hoisted to send in the winning run. The Latin fans and players were stunned.

The following morning the Nicaraguans were unable to shake their despondency and the collegians battered three pitchers for 15 hits and a 9-2 victory in the deciding game. Steve Kemp, a Southern California outfielder, settled the issue in the third inning with a towering two-run home run. Kemp's Southern Cal teammate, George Milke, scattered nine hits to win his third victory of the tournament. Milke, although never particularly sharp, was smart enough not to challenge the Nicaraguans with his feebull, relying instead on an excellent curve and a straight changeup.

When the game was over, the teams shook hands at home plate and traded baseball caps in one final gesture of friendship. During the postgame ceremonies at the plate, Nicaraguan players received three special awards: for hitting (Julio Cuarezma), pitching (Poberto Alomirano) and designated hitting (Pablo Juarez). Discussing those awards, Fehring said, "These people are striving to become proud, and if they can take home two or three individual trophies to Nicaragua, well, it'll be some solace for not winning the championship."

END

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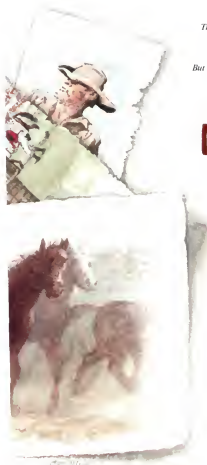
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*The author of Australia's rollicking ballad sold the rights to it
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But he never found a wonder horse to match . . .

WALTZING MATILDA

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Bunjo Paterson, age 31, livened while one of his girl friends strummed on a zither, and invented a song he called *Waltzing Matilda*. It was an invention; it was not written, composed or set down carefully on sheet music. Paterson pieced it together out of odds and ends of Australian bush life while attending a house party, and was astonished when it became one of the world's popular songs. He was a lawyer then and was to become a leading racing writer for Sydney newspapers.

He was also a jockey, a trainer, a horse dealer, a gambler, a cavalryman, a turf historian and a poet and novelist whose works were often about horses and horsemen—the best writer on horse racing, all things considered, in the English language.

Paterson fabricated *Waltzing Matilda* at a place called Dagworth in central Queensland in April 1895. As a young lawyer he was making a tour for clients of remote properties. Dagworth was a sizable sheep ranch in flat dry land straddling the Diamantina River. The nearest town, Winton, was 84 miles away. Paterson and his fiancée Sara Riley were house guests along with half a dozen other young people. Sara was visiting her friend Christina MacPherson, whose brother managed the station. Christina had recently gone to the races at Warrnambool, 150 miles from Melbourne, and remembered a tune played by the band there. She hummed it, or her variation thereof, and picked out the tune on an Autoharp, a form of zither in which dumpers are pressed down, muting all the strings except those of the chord to be played. Christina did not know the words or the name of the song, so Paterson obligingly improvised

continued

lines that fitted the notes Christina recalled:

*Oh! There once was a swagman camped in a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolabah tree.*

A swagman was a hobo. A billabong was a watercourse, alternately flooded and dry. A coolabah was a sparsely leafed tree with a white trunk found along the riverbeds in the hot Queensland plains.

*And he sang as he looked at his old billy boiling,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"*

A billy was an improvised tea kettle, usually made from a discarded meat tin by the addition of a wire handle. A swagman carried his belongings rolled in a blanket that rested on his shoulders like the arms of a dancing partner. So it became common in the bush to call the bundle Matilda and to refer to a hobo's meanderings as waltzing.

The four verses of the song related in a somewhat jumpy fashion how the swagman grabbed a sheep—a jumbuck—that drank at the waterhole, stole the carcass in his pack, was detected by the owner, questioned by the police, jumped in the waterhole and drowned by the coolabah tree.

Up to the time he got involved with *Waltzing Matilda* there was nothing mysterious about Paterson's life, no questions asked. But so much has been written about that house party at Dagworth that it sometimes seems Paterson never did anything except attend it. For years Australians have been arguing about *Waltzing Matilda*, what it is, what it means, who wrote it and whether or not it really is the Australian national anthem. At least two books and half a dozen articles have concentrated on the question of authorship, the pro-Paterson group accepting the Dagworth story as summarized above and the anti-Paterson adherents insisting that *Waltzing Matilda* was an old folk song that Paterson claimed as his own.

It is hard to think of anything about *Waltzing Matilda* that has not been investigated. Everyone present at the Dagworth party has been checked out, and the family histories of the guests and neighbors. Something akin to an hourly-hour account of the party has been pieced together. ("After tea, in the cool of the evening, all adjourned outside and sat in front of the house. Had there been

a lawn they would have sat on the lawn, but there was no such luxury at Dagworth.") The high point of these bacchanalian revels was a trip to a neighboring station, 100 miles away, to watch a demonstration of fire-fighting equipment. That may not seem like much of a party, but at the time it was an occasion for singing, dancing, drinking and other unheard-of entertainment. At this second station, known as Oondooroo, Herbert Ramsay (later Sir Herbert) was visiting his cousin. Ramsay was a tall, lean baritone who looked like Cary Grant playing the part of a titled Englishman. Never one to resist an invitation to sing, he put on an old hat, stuck a pipe in his mouth, slung a blanket over his shoulders and entertained everyone with his interpretation of the unfortunate swagman at the billabong.

Toward the end of May 1895—these frontier house parties lasted a long time—the Dagworth group and the Ramsay group moved on to Winton to a race meeting, covering 40 miles a day. There was a party for amateur riders at the North Gregory Hotel, and Sir Herbert, again playing the part of the swagman, sang *Waltzing Matilda*. That was the first public rendition of the song, and it was a hit. So say the Paterson adherents, and they have a photograph of Sir Herbert, an extremely elegant, aristocratic-looking swagman, to prove it. That means nothing to the anti-Paterson fanatics, who believe that Sir Herbert was singing an entirely different song. In view of the amount of drinking and merriment reported at Australian race meetings during the time, it seems possible that nobody knew what anybody else was singing. All that is known for a fact is that the engagement of Banjo Paterson and Sara Riley was broken off, though what that had to do with *Waltzing Matilda* is unclear, unless she was simply tired of hearing it. Paterson, to the end of his life, displayed a strong disinclination to discuss how he happened to write the song or anything else connected with the Dagworth house party.

Absurd as much of this scholarly minutiae is, no harm would be done if it did not divert attention from more interesting aspects of Paterson's work.

Andrew Burton Paterson, not then known as Banjo, was born Feb. 17, 1864 in wild country some 170 miles west of

Sydney. New South Wales had been a penal colony until 20-odd years before, and substantial numbers of its population were former convicts, escaped convicts, and their children and grandchildren. Paterson did not fit in this category, but his schoolmates included descendants of some of the country's most famous outlaws, clanish folk now outwardly respectable, but, as he wrote of them, with "a handy knack of finding horses that nobody had lost, shearing sheep they did not own, and branding and selling other people's calves."

Paterson's family had a knack, too—for making money for others and getting little or none of it themselves. An ancestor, William Paterson, was a founder of the Bank of England—"a stupendous success," an old edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* put it—and hardly managed to collect a penny out of the enterprise. Another innovative member of the family was a horseman who experimented with various breeds and produced the first of those massive draft animals known as Clydesdales, but there is no record of his profiting from the venture. Paterson's own father left Scotland for Australia at the age of 16. He spent his life failing to raise sheep and cattle profitably on one vast stretch of the Australian outback after another until, after a particularly severe drought, he wound up managing what had been his own property for the man who owned the mortgage. And surely Banjo Paterson never expected to write a song that would become a valuable musical property. What he sought instead was an inexpensive yet superb racehorse.

The first horse to win his undivided attention was Pardon, not a bad name in New South Wales in view of the 80,000 convicts in its recent past. As the oldest child, with five younger sisters and a brother, Paterson was a reserved and serious boy, prematurely conscious of his family responsibilities, especially since his father often worked on properties several days' travel away. Young Paterson found in racing essentially a release, something that eased the sense of constraint with which he was normally burdened. His introduction to the sport came on a hot New Year's Day when he rode his pony from the farm to the nearby town of Bogolong, where a racecourse had been laid out through the stringy-bark trees. Horses from 100 *continued*

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miles around were tied in the shade. Moments before the feature race a tall man from still wilder country to the west calmly appropriated the boy's saddle and put it on his own horse. He told Paterson not to worry; he merely wanted the lightest saddle he could find, would give it back and, if his horse Pardon won, promised to buy the boy a bottle of ginger beer.

In this way Paterson discovered the joy that comes with having a stake in a horse race. At the start Pardon was lying behind the leaders, running easily in third place when the field disappeared behind a screen of trees. When the horses came into sight again, with Pardon still third, the boy was astounded by his intense desire for the horse to win. Pardon went to the front as the field turned into the stretch and by now young Paterson was cheering and yelling, discovering an elation known best to people who are reserved most of the time and who need something like the sight of their horse winning a race to let themselves go. The bottle of ginger beer Paterson won meant nothing, but he remembered all his life the glow of discovery when Pardon's owner told him the horse would not have won without his saddle.

Not long after that first race Paterson was taken out of farm-horse country and into the world of thoroughbred racing in Sydney. He lived with his widowed grandmother in a fashionable suburb and only returned to the hard-working life of the farm during the hot summer months. At 16 he got a job in a lawyer's office while continuing his schooling, and presently became the managing clerk of a firm that handled legal affairs for hanks. While still in his teens he was recognized as one of the best amateur riders at Randwick, where major races—the Sydney Cup and the Australian Jockey Club Derby—were held.

When an English cavalry officer introduced polo to Australia, Paterson became a member of the New South Wales team. In *The Guelph Polo Club* he described a meeting between a town team and a team of cowboys:

*And the game was so terrific that ere
half the time was gone
A spectator's leg was broken—just from
merely looking on*

Paterson was reputed to be a handsome young man, very popular with the ladies, an outstanding tennis player, a fairly good boxer and rifle-shot. "He danced beautifully," his admiring sister said. He fell in love with a girl from the well-to-do society in which he and his grandmother moved, but that engagement ended shortly; he spent too much time with his polo pony, Pegasus, and did not pay enough attention to the girl. That became an often repeated complaint in Paterson's life.

When he was 21 he began writing verses, published by the *Sydney Bulletin*. He signed them "by The Banjo." His pseudonym had nothing to do with a musical instrument. The Banjo was a family-owned racehorse whom he had ridden in picnic races in the country. (In their ceaseless assaults on the English language Australians came to call a frying pan a banjo, and the horse's name derived from that.) Paterson seemed reluctant to let anyone know that he—gentleman rider, member of the Sydney Hunt Club, occupant of a cramped office in the law firm Street and Paterson—was The Banjo.

The literary editor of the *Bulletin*, J. F. Archibald, was a nationalist, determined to create Australian literature whether anyone wanted it or not. Until he appeared, writers in Australia generally thought of England as home, wrote for English readers and neglected the life around them. Archibald published Paterson's first poem without ever meeting him. He wrote Paterson, asking him to call.

"I clumbed a grimy flight of stairs until I stood before a door marked 'Mr. Archibald, Editor,'" Paterson later said. "On the door was pinned a spirited drawing of a gentleman with a dagger through him, and on the drawing was written: 'Archibald, this is what will happen to you if you don't use my drawing about the policeman!' It cheered me up a lot."

At their meeting Archibald said, "Do you know anything about the bush?" Paterson told him he had been reared there. "All right," Archibald said. "Have a go at the bush. Have a go at anything that strikes you."

Paterson responded with a poem about a bush fire. It was formless and undistinguished, but Archibald published it. Next came a curious soliloquy called *A Dream of the Melbourne Cup*. A tough horse

player stuffs himself with indigestible food and liquor to produce a nightmare in which he will dream the name of the winner of the cup. At that time the cup had been in existence for 25 years.

Paterson's poem was published three weeks before the 1886 race. There were 28 entries, and he worked the names of five horses into the poem—but not Arsenal, who won. The dream race begins:

*... here they come,
And the hoof-strokes roar like a mighty
drum
Beat by a hand unsteady.*

Trident, a Sydney entry, comes down the straight head-to-head with another horse. The sleeper remembers: he had bet on Trident! With odds of a million-to-five he'd won a million! But when he tries to collect, the bookie fades away and he wakes with indigestion.

Archibald scribbled on the margin: "Doggerel! Fun in the idea!" Modern readers may agree, for Paterson could write some perfunctory lines, such as

*Stuck so it now though your hearts
should break,
While the yells and roars make the
grandstand shake.*

But Australians in 1886 were less demanding, and in retrospect the imagination, the daring and the knowledge of racing embodied in *A Dream of the Melbourne Cup* make it a remarkable creation for a beginner.

The Banjo's next poem was *The Mylora Flopement*, the first of several dealing with a man who neglects a girl for his horses. A valuable station horse has run off to join an outlaw band led by a carrier runaway, Bowneck. McGrath, the boss of the station, rides off determined to drive the wild herd into the yard. That gives a station hand, Jim the Ringer, a chance to be alone with McGrath's daughter Amelia Jane. Jim reasons that McGrath's horse Sambo will not be quite good enough to run down Bowneck. He and Jane can easily escape the old man, for Sambo will be spent on McGrath's return home. They clope.

*The daylight shines on figures twain
That ride across Mylora plain,
Laughing and talking—Jim and Jane.
"Steadily, darling. There's lots of time"*

But as a turn in the road they meet McGrath. "What's up?" he asks. "Why, running away, of course," Jim says. The old man says he is beat and Sambo is exhausted. But the mob of wild

continued



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Matilda

continued

horses is just over the next hill. "Will you go and leave the mob behind?" he asks Jim.

"Which will you do? Take the girl away. Or ride like a white man should ride?"

There is no dispute about it, Jim replied.

"We can both save other der, of course, Anna Jane, get off that horse."

Jim and McGrath rode off into the hills.

Two distant speeds on the mountain side,
 Two sleekships echoing far and wide . . .
 Anna Jane sat down and cried.

This one ended happily, with the man yarding the herd. While McGrath is gloating over the captured horses, Jim asks Jane if she will run away again since her father's attention is distracted.

"Will you come, my girl?" "I will, you bet,

We'll be home this here elegant yet."

"Rough but humorous," Archibald wrote on the margin. But Bullfinch readers were delighted. The Banjo quickly became one of the paper's most popular contributors.

His next effort was a serious poem. Richard Benson, a 14-year-old jockey, had been killed in a fall in Melbourne. The newspaper story about the accident said, "The horse is luckily uninjured," which spurred The Banjo to a fierce denunciation he did not carry off very well.

In the Christmas issue of 1888 Pater-son published *Old Pardon, the Son of Re-prieve*, a 200-line poem in 25 stanzas, the first in a series of bush ballads that made him the most popular Australian poet of all time. The setting was the President's Cup, the derby of the outback. Three miles in three heats.

Harrison and Jimmy, the owners of Pardon, have put every cent they can raise on their horse. The night before the race their enemies drop green barley into Pardon's stall.

He munched it all night and we found him
 Next morning as full as a hog . . .

We saw we were done like a shaver—
 The odds were a thousand-to-one
 Against Pardon turning up winner,
 'Twas cruel to ask him to run.

In the first heat Pardon "trolled and he weltered and wallowed. You'd kick your hat faster." The stewards accused the owners of foul play. They were the objects of mirth and derision. In the second heat Pardon seemed hopelessly out of it, 10 lengths back, but his sickness was passing.

*A skinner of silk in the endow
As into the running they wheeled,
And out flared the whips on the leaders,
For Pardon had collared the geld.*

Pardon, of course, went on to win the third heat and the cup, and Owner Harrison, in what seemed to Paterson a decidedly flamboyant gesture, threw his hat into the air.

Paterson's natural reserve was evident throughout his literary career. After three years he permitted the *Bulletin* to publish a notice that The Banjo was "a modest young man of Sydney," not a bush rider. Few people noticed, and few, in any case, could have identified Paterson from that innocuous description. For almost a decade, during which he became the best-selling Australian poet (the still is), only his family, personal friends and the literary group around the *Bulletin* knew he was writing.

His cover began to slip on April 26, 1890, when the *Bulletin* published Paterson's masterpiece, *The Man from Snowy River*. In this ballad the best riders in the country gather to lend a hand to a station owner. A colt worth a thousand pounds has gotten away and joined a herd of wild horses. Harrison, who made a fortune when Pardon won the cup, is there, as is Clancy of the Overflow, the hero of another Banjo Paterson ballad. Among these experienced riders there is an unknown youngster on a small and weedy horse. "Lad, you'd better stop away," the landowner says. "Those hills are far too rough for such as you." Clancy speaks up for the newcomer. He is from the Snowy River country, on the slopes of Mount Kosciusko . . .

*Where the hills are twice
as steep and twice as
rough;*

*Where a horse's hoofs
strike firelight from
the flint zones every
stride,*

*The man that holds his
own in good enough.*

The wild horses are found in a clump of mimosa trees and run toward the mountain. Clancy tries to wheel them. If they get through the pass nothing can stop them from disappearing down the other side. But

as he passes and faces the animals, they charge under his cracking stockwhip. The race goes on through the mountain scrub, up gorges and under cliffs, always climbing, clear to the summit. There the riders stop, terrified at the drop. They watch the man from Snowy River ride on alone, scattering flintstones and clearing timbers, over broken ground until he arrives among the wild horses climbing a hill in the distance. They halt, cowed and beaten, and he brings them back alone. He becomes a folk hero, the story of his ride told over and over. . . .

*Where the air is clear as crystal, and the
white stars fairly blaze*

At midnight in the cold and frosty sky

Paterson's poems were intended to be memorized and recited with dramatic emphasis and gestures. Apparently he meant to link them in a group of folk ballads, with the same characters and horses appearing in different poems. He used an amazing array of places—the Shadow of Death Hill in Conroy's Gap, the Snakebite River, Whiskeyhurst, Come-by-Chance, Swagman's Rest.

One reason for Paterson's reluctance to become known as a poet was his modest admiration for his predecessors and an uneasy kinship with contemporary poets. Of those who had come before, the most popular was Adam Lindsay Gordon, the reckless son of a well-to-do English family, a boxer who fought professionals in England and one of the best amateur race riders of his time. Gordon appeared in Australia at the age of 20, joined the police, shot it out with out-

laws, became a professional breaker of horses and then a jockey good enough to win three races in a day at Melbourne. Gordon wrote his melancholy poems at a time when he was running a livery stable and serving in the legislature. After his second book of verse was published he walked out into the bush and shot himself.

Then there was Harry Lawson, Paterson's contemporary and friendly rival, more naturally gifted than Paterson, a mildly revolutionary poet, who wrote of the dust, desolation and cruelty of bush life while Paterson, in his dandy office, longed for the song of the bellbirds and the cherry blaze of campfires:

*So you're back from up the country, Mr.
Lawson, where you went,
And you're carrying all the business in a hip-
per discontent . . .
And the women of the homesteads and the
men you chanced to meet—
Were their faces sour and saddened, like the
"faces in the street"?*

But Lawson, often ill and discouraged, ceased to write in his middle years.

Another friend of Paterson's, Barcroft Boake, was a hearty, tireless, ebullient youngster, perhaps more naturally gifted than Lawson, Paterson or Gordon. Boake alternately worked in the outback and came to Sydney to publish his poetry and break loose, until he inexplicably hanged himself at a moment when his prospects seemed brightest.

The most enigmatic figure, however, was Harry Morant, whose mysterious death cast its shadow over Paterson's life.

Morant reached Australia about 1884 at the age of 20 after obscure troubles at the Royal Naval College in England. He was reportedly the son of an admiral who, however, denied it. Morant was referred to Paterson as a man who could do anything better than anyone else—"dance, run, fight, drink and borrow money; anything except work"—anything at all, including writing poetry. Shortly after *The Man from Snowy River* appeared, Morant began publishing his own verse in the *Bulletin*; continued



faerie, clever, occasionally brilliant works. He rode with Paterson at hunt club meets and rode against him in amateur races. He organized a polo team that played against Paterson's team. Paterson liked him for his energy and his humor without precisely trusting him, at least not to the point of loaning him the money Morant used to borrow.

When *The Man from Snowy River* was published in book form, Paterson moved out of Bohemian literary circles and the ranks of the hard-boiled outback writers. This was understandable enough as the work quickly drew international attention. The first edition sold out in a week and 7,000 copies were sold in a year, an unprecedented figure in Australia where even Gordon's poems sold only a few hundred copies. (*The Man from Snowy River* has outsold every other book of poetry in Australia every year since publication.) The Prime Minister of England, who was a horseman of considerable note (he had been expelled from Oxford for keeping a string of thoroughbreds) congratulated Paterson on the book. The *Times* of London compared Paterson to Kipling, and Kipling himself praised the ballad warmly. Paterson was honored. He was unaccustomed to this and, still working as a law clerk, set out on a trip of several months through the sheep and cattle country, the trip that ended at Dagworth and the events that led to *Haltzang Matilda*.

When the Boer War broke out in 1899 Paterson went to the front as the war correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Morant, on the other hand, joined a special service unit operating in Boer-occupied country. The captain of the unit was killed in combat and his body mutilated. In retaliation Morant and three other officers are said to have shot some Boer prisoners. The four men were arrested and court-martialed and Morant and one of the others were summarily executed by a firing squad.

Paterson had nothing to do with Morant's death, and was not even in South Africa at the time. His own war record showed an unbroken series of political and social successes. He sailed with the New South Wales Lancers, taking with him a good horse. Training was limited to shooting at bottles tossed overboard. "No one has as yet sunk a bottle," Paterson reported, "and some . . . missed the Indian Ocean." When he arrived in

Cape Town the governor asked him to escort two Englishwomen on a jackal hunt with a pack of English hounds. The ladies were beautifully dressed, attractive and alarmingly sophisticated by Paterson's standards. They carried whiskey in flasks and smoked cigarettes. When one of them asked Paterson if he were accustomed to riding a hundred miles a day back home, he realized they thought of him as a wild colonial, leading the life of one of those hush riders he dramatized in his poems. Paterson thereafter managed to restrict the conversation to horses, "the one subject that links all ranks in every part of the world." The hunt turned out to be a pleasant one, not unlike a fox hunt in England, and after that introduction into society Paterson's career went smoothly.

He saw as much action as any war correspondent but wrote of it in laconic, understated prose and became a hero in spite of himself when he made his way into Bloemfontein before its citizens knew the city had surrendered. He scooped the world with news of the British relief of Kimberley.

At the beginning Paterson supported the war with almost youthful excitement, but the appalling waste of horseflesh, the confusion of British war aims, the jealousy and social rivalries evident among the officers gradually changed his opinion. When he lectured on his experiences on his return to Australia, he was attacked as pro-Boer.

Paterson took little part in the vociferous protests that followed Morant's execution. Years later he wrote that confidential information had been given him that convinced him of Morant's guilt. Some Australians consider Paterson's treatment of his rival poet a dark stain on his career.

Shortly after the war Paterson married and, becoming the father of two children, settled down to an exemplary family life. In the year of his marriage he raised money by selling the copyright to some of his poems, including *Haltzang Matilda*, to his publisher. The publisher in turn sold the copyright to James Inglis and Company, tea merchants. Inglis and Company published the song, words by Paterson, music by Marie Cowan. She was the wife of the company accountant. A copy of the sheet music was given away as a promotion with every package of Bily tea. The ballad was sung in the outback

and in an occasional music hall skin.

Meanwhile, Paterson was for three years editor of the *Sydney Evening News*, a paper with a strong emphasis on sports. After that he put in a year at the *Times and Country Journal*. He gave that up and bought a sheep ranch with an eight-mile trout stream after reading an advertisement for the property in his own magazine. He edited *The Sportsman* for nine years after selling his ranches, and was a racing writer for *Smith's Weekly* and for the *Sydney Truth*.

For 30 years Paterson was a familiar figure at Randwick, tall and thin with a lined, saturnine face. He visited with trainers and owners and was conspicuous only because he carried ancient oversized field glasses. He liked to talk about promising horses and never stopped looking for a wonder horse. Paterson believed that a would-be owner should begin his search early, watching colts running together in the fields and picking out of such groups the ones he planned to follow. Much of Paterson's novel *The Shepherd's Colt* deals with the task of selecting a great horse from a lot of promising yearlings with specific instructions on what to look for. And in an unpublished manuscript *Racehorses and Racing in Australia*, written midway through his career, he gave advice to the prospective buyer of moderate means. Paterson went into meticulous detail on the questions involved—pedigree, training, condition, betting, trials, jockeys. During this period he was covering the yearling sales and occasionally acting as an agent buying horses for others.

He never found his wonder horse. At his death in 1941 his estate amounted to \$1,100. *Haltzang Matilda* was then becoming popular, much too late to do him any good. During World War II the song became a colossal international hit, with French, Italian, Brazilian, Classical Latin and other versions in existence. A second wave of popularity occurred two decades later, when the song was used as the theme of the highly successful movie *On the Beach*. At that time ten companies in the U.S. released new records.

No figures on the total worldwide earnings of *Haltzang Matilda* have been published, but they are undoubtedly greater than the lifetime earnings of Man o' War or many another wonder horse. But Bango Paterson received only \$26 for his wonder song.

END

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Yesterday

by GEORGE A. GIFE

THE HOUNDS WERE RARELY TOP DOGS IN THE BRIEF HISTORY OF PAPER CHASING

To the young men who inaugurated paper chasing in America, the sport must have seemed as delightfully wicked as streaking would to their counterparts a century later. Hot-eyed runners pounding down city streets, leaping hedges, fording brooks and leaving multicolored trails of shredded paper wherever they went constituted the kind of foolishness certain to raise eyebrows among the more sobered citizens of the late 1870s and early 1880s. And when dozens of equally frantic pursuers were added to the scene, it seems safe to assume that the cry, "The younger generation is going to hell," was heard as often back then as it is today.

The idea of paper chasing first popped up in the United States in the fall of 1877. A group of young and athletic businessmen, gathered around the forward cabin stove of the *Sylvan Dell*, one of the many Harlem River steamers that carried people to and from their New York jobs, were facing the prospect of another dull winter. Walter S. Vosburgh suggested that they adopt the new outdoor game to amuse themselves and to keep themselves in top condition during the cold weather. A few moments later the Westchester Hare and Hounds Club had been formed.

Although the sport was simple enough, Vosburgh wrote to England for a book of instructions. Shortly after it arrived the first meeting of the Hare and Hounds Club was held, and Christmas Day, 1877 was scheduled as the date for the first paper chase. By the end of the decade, groups of young men all across the Eastern Seaboard were participating in the game.

Any number could play; two, usually, were designated as the hares, the rest were the hounds. The hares, who were given a head start of from five to 10 minutes, attempted to beat the hounds to a predetermined destination by any course they desired. Their only obligation was

to drop bits of paper, the scent, along their route. It was a fine elemental competition, but there was one problem: the hares always won.

Harvard students were particularly fond of the new game and, despite a persistent drizzle, more than 300 spectators assembled in front of Matthews' establishment on Dec. 6, 1879 to cheer on 40 hounds pursuing the hares (Manning and Thatcher, both Class of '82) through the streets of Cambridge. After dashing across Harvard Square into Church Street, Manning and Thatcher scaled an eight-foot fence and raced down Palmer Street. The chase continued past the James Russell Lowell home and the Brighton abattoir, where the hares forded a creek and proceeded up Carey Hill in Brookline. While several hounds remained stuck in the mud, the rest charged to the top of the hill where they found an empty sack: the hares had run out of scent and gone for more. By the time they returned to the scene, the hounds had quit in disgust and gone back to Cambridge.

A week later the match was rerun. The route on this occasion went past Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's home—apparently it was not easy to go anywhere in the greater Boston area without passing the residence of a famous poet—and Manning and Thatcher won with two minutes to spare.

Foul weather did not deter hardy paper chasers. When the ground was covered with snow, as it was for the 1880 Westchester Thanksgiving meet, the hares merely changed the color of their scent to red, green and blue.

At 11 on that morning, hares Vosburgh and Frank Banham arrived at Schnurder's Hotel dressed identically in black trousers and blue jackets. The hounds, clad in crimson jackets and dark blue trousers, ceremoniously broke into a chorus of yelps and buying upon seeing the quarry.

At the firing of a pistol, Vosburgh and Banham took off along White Plains Road. A newspaper reporter perched in the top of a tall tree saw them split up—or "throw off," in the parlance of paper chasing—as soon as they were out of sight of the hounds.

Banham pulled off the best ploy of the day when he came to the top of a rocky precipice 20 feet high. Grasping the rock with both his hands, he made a track as if he had let himself slide over the edge.

Then he drew himself back, retraced his old footprints in the snow and started off in another direction. When the hounds arrived on the scene, they took the bait and scrambled en masse down the cliff face.

Later it was thought that the hounds were resorting to trickery themselves when several were seen lifting objects from their back pockets to their faces. At first a reporter from *The New York Times* thought the hounds were peering through telescopes in order to spot the hares. Then he concluded that the objects were "not telescopes, but something better suited to the festive character of the day."

The hounds probably needed a nip or two by the time Vosburgh and Banham were through with them. They crossed a swamp covered with thin ice that cracked beneath each step and ended by covering a dozen miles in one hour and 45 minutes. The hounds pursued across the weakened ice and finished, cold and wet, nearly half an hour behind their quarry.

A year later, with Banham on the other side as the Master of the Hunt, the results were different. The race took place in the general vicinity of Bayonne, N.J., where the entire juvenile population took off after the hares. After passing a group of shooters from the New York Gun Club and following the tracks of the Jersey Central Railroad for several hundred yards, the hares, confident of victory, arrogantly pinned a sign to a fence and started back in the direction of Bayonne. The note read—"Dear Hounds: Good-bye. We are on our journey home. The smell of the dinner has acted exhilaratingly on our gait."

Shortly thereafter they were dismayed to see Banham less than 100 yards behind. After tagging W.I.K. Kendrick, Banham took off after the second hare, Harry Drake. An exciting chase concluded with the hounds' first win.

The high-water mark of paper chasing had been reached. The growing popularity of the less chaotic cross-country racing no doubt contributed to the demise of the sport, and by the 1890s it had been relegated to a child's game that survives today as Hare and Hounds and its variations.

Perhaps it was just as well. Considering the amount of litter the 20th century has produced, it would be preposterous to suppose modern hares could leave a recognizable scent. END



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THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 25-Dec. 1

[illegible]

ABA. The New York Nets joined in a rhumba of race pulling the nerves on the Denver Nuggets 90-91, but Denver's Western leader won its other two home games and topped the ABA in scoring with a 125-point average. The Nets also beat Kemmons, the 4-starred leader. The surprise was Salt Lake City's Spurs and Houston's Rockets, the work of the ABA's second-place Spurs lost to the third-place Utah Stars who lost to the fourth-place San Diego Conquistadors, who lost to fourth-place Indiana. The Pacers' Dan Issel had 40 points to provide the winning margin and their coach was Alvin Gentry. Memphis won 85-78, Los Angeles 84-82 and Houston 83-75. **Volusia HS, 83.**

BOOKS—Colombia's RODRIGO VALDE Surpassed his World Boxing Council middleweight title with an 11th-round knockout of France's Laurent Tonello, 30, Paris.

G.I. TSUBOMATSU of Japan kept his WBC light-weight championship by knocking out Raulito Geronimo of Mexico in the 12th round, in Osaka.

CROSS-COUNTRY—JOHN NGENO of Kenya and Washington State won the 1000-meter AAU Cross-Country Championship at Belmont, Calif. in 29:58.8, 16 seconds ahead of Neil Cusack of England (page 97). **THE UGORARD TRACK CLUB**, the oldest club in the United Kingdom, is now the

GRIFFIN won the NCAA 400-metre hurdles championship over the 40-year-old Indiana University coach.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Texas A&M's 12-5 loss to TCU on Saturday for a 24-21 season record was its first since 1961. The Aggies' last win over the Horned Rattlesnakes was in 1963. The Aggies' last win over the Horned Rattlesnakes was in 1963. The Aggies' last win over the Horned Rattlesnakes was in 1963.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL Minnesota's NFC Central-leading 2-9 victory over the Los Angeles Rams (3-8) in St. Louis Sunday night was the first time the Vikings have set back the reigning Houston Oilers (10-3-1) on NBC's Monday Night Football since a 23-22 tieing of the Buffalo Bills' field goal Hatterman's a 9-0 loss, and waited for the Oilers to lose to the Cincinnati Bengals 24-17 in Cleveland last week. The Oilers had placed to themselves in the AFC East. Los Angeles succeeded to Kansas City 17-13 but directed a playoff bid anyway, and second-place Washington lost to Dallas 24-23 (10-3-1) on NBC's Sunday Night Football. The Redskins' beating San Diego 27-14 helped John Elway's three touchdowns, Cleveland beat San Francisco 7-0. In Chicago, before 18,902 spectators and 35,958 on television, the Bears dominated the New York Giants 27-10.

shortest Los Angeles whacked the Falcons 33-7. Philadelphia snapped a six-game losing streak with a 35-14 thrashing of Green Bay. Ott Armstrong rushed for 144 yards as the Denver Broncos beat Detroit 31-27, and AFC West champ Oakland beat New England 41-26 on four touchdown passes by Art Stewart.

WFL The Birmingham Americans, 15-5 for the season, and the Florida Blazers, 14-6, made it to the first, and perhaps only World Bowl with victories in the semifinals. The Americans edged past the Hurricanes, who were 10-11, by a 23-19 score, while the angry Blazers, who had not been paid in 11 weeks, upset the favored Memphis Southern 18-15. Memphis, 17-3, was best in the league.

JARVIS RACING - KEYSTONE SMARTIE
1927-48, Peis Hagbreen driving, was an earnest winner in the 1 1/4 mile \$115,350 American Purse Class at Hollywood Park.

HOCKEY—NHL The Atlanta Flames overtook the New York Islanders, as the Oilers, who they defeated their home arena by a score of 11 games with a 3-2 victory over the New York Rangers. The Flames led Philadelphia in the Patrick Division and the Islanders led the New York Islanders. The Oilers were the only team to have a victory over Detroit. The Red Wings had a 2-0 win in 30 games and led only expansion Washington in the Norris Division where the Wings were the Kings that had a 2-0 win in 30 games. The Hartford Whalers, Vancouver stretched its lead in the Smythe and the Minnesota Ice Chicago to three into second place. Toronto Coach Red Kelly, retired for good, was named head coach of the New York Islanders. Kelly's leather bulldog to a game with the Rangers, but his team lost anyway. The Maple Leafs will win four more ahead of last-place California and Seattle. The Oilers were the only team to have a goal of the season helped the Bruins down the New York Rangers.

Warr Crashley cashed in a third-period goal to give Kansas City a 4-3 victory over Vancouver. It was the fourth win in 20 games for the expansion Sceptre.

With New England, East Detroit leads, scored past Chicago 9-5, but had a harder time with Quebec, before winning an overtime Cleveland beat Quebec, too and with four victories during the week picked up four points on New England Houston, leading the West, beat Edmonton twice. Bobby Hull continued to make new believers, this time in London against Andy Brown, as the aging Grande Ail propelled Winnipeg to a 4-0 win. Canadian leaders were outscored by opponents 10-4. Phoenix had a big week, winning a pair: San Diego, Minnesota and Michigan each were out.

TRUMP JOHN NEWCOMBE walked in the finals for a 2-6, 6-2, 7-6 victory over Cliff Drysdale to take the men's title in the \$100,000 Greater Open at Osaka. CHRIS EVERT beat Rosemary Casals 6-0, 6-2 in the women's final.

RELEASED - FORMED A 30-team professional INTERNATIONAL VOLLEYBALL LEAGUE, with a 40-game schedule, to begin in June 1975. Cities are Cincinnati, Chicago, El Paso, Honolulu, Los Angeles, New York, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Toronto and Vancouver.

BY SIGNEE JIM OWENS, after 18 years as head football coach at the University of Washington. He had a 99-82-6 record.

WFLC (FBI) As major league rookies of the year, Texas' MIKE HARSHBARGER (Astros) and AL LANE BART MURRIDGE (Nationals) First Basemen Harshbarger led the Rangers in hitting with a .323 average. Centerfielder McBride hitted .309 and stole 30 bases.

SELECTED FFNSTATE—as women of the Labyrinth Cup presented annually to the outstanding college football team in the East

SUSPENDED GEORGE M. STEINBRENNER III, majority stockholder of the New York Yankees, filed an association with his or any other major league club for two years, by Baseball Commissioner Bartee Kuster, because of his recent conviction on charges of unlawful corporate contributions to political committees.

DEED JAMES J. BRADDOCK, 68, the "Cinderella Man" who won the world heavyweight championship in 1935 by outpointing Max Baer in one of boxing's biggest upsets, in North Bergen, N.J.

BILL D'ORRMOND (Tues) McLAUGHRAY, 31, who in 1926 coached Brown University's only undefeated football team, in Norwich, Vt. McLaughry also coached at Westernmost, Amherst and Dartmouth.

FACES IN THE CROWD

MIKE HUNTER, of Village High in Naperville, Ill., set an American Legion baseball tournament record by striking out 22 batters in pitching a no-hitter against the Utah state champions. In 6 innings of Legion ball Mike struck out 119, walked 45 and had a 1.03 ERA.

LEE WITT, 51, of Beltsville, Md., has run 10,000 miles in seven years after suffering a massive heart attack in 1967. Witt has been jogging from five to 11 miles a day, five days a week, for the past five years. He walked three miles a day before he began jogging.

ALEX DUNAWF, 17, of Ossining, N.Y. won the Mackay Irish for jumpers at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden in New York. She defeated 143 other qualifiers in equitation on the flat and over fences in winning the junior championship.

FADEL AL-FULADI of Kuwait, a freshman at University of Wisconsin Center-Barrow County, broke all the individual soccer scoring records in the Wisconsin Collegiate Conference. He had 42 goals in nine matches, including eight in the conference's sole game

JACK THOMAS JR., a freshman at Eastern Michigan University in Ypsilanti, Mich., sank a hole in one on two consecutive rounds at Green Ridge Country Club. He aced the 20th yard 6th with a four-iron and then did it with an eight-iron on the 145-yard 13th.

NICK FAJOLA, a senior at Annville-Cleona (Pa.) High, had a 94.5-yard average in rushing for a school-record 1,331 yards. Fajola caught 17 passes for another 256 yards, scored 14 touchdowns and played the final two games of the season with a broken hand.



2010 01 01

CREDITS

28. 29—Halla Elmer; 28. 29—Steve Wright
28. 29—Al Seltzer; Mike Camaro; 30. 40—James Brown
66—Holla Elmer; 49—Tom, Tom; 73—No No
for 79—John; 10 and 85—Ray Teale; 94—Lena
Taylor; 109—Sue Maphide; 111—Zoo—Coulter, Buck
w. 1999732.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WRIGHT OR WRONG?

Sir:

Steve Wright's article about his two seasons with the Giants (*Wright Was All Wrong, Right?* Nov. 25) was a true-to-life example of the behind-the-scenes operations described in Pete Gent's *Nash Dallas Forts*. For many years (10, to be exact) I have wondered why standout players with other clubs who have been traded to the Giants never equaled their past performances. Wright has given me a little insight into what some of the problems may be. His article was terrific reading.

ALAN MANDELL

Little Neck, N.Y.

Sir:

I prefer to view Wright not as a victim of mismanagement but as a fighter against oppression by the arrogant. I hope that every person in a position of power will read his story. My congratulations to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on another article that goes beyond sports.

WILLIAM P. MOORE

Clarkston, N.C.

Sir:

One of the treasured rewards of my lifelong association with professional football players has been the mutual sharing of friendship and respect with many hundreds of Giant players. Apparently, Steve Wright does not count himself in this number. If so, I am sorry, but I would not trade their friendship for his even if I could.

Every man wants to be proud of his family. I am particularly proud of the maturity with which my sons have conducted themselves in their contact with football games and football players. This is an attribute which few, if any, of Steve Wright's many former coaches ever found in him.

WELLINGTON T. MARRA

President

New York Football Giants Inc.

New York City

Sir:

It is always hard to stand by and try to figure out why a team you love, a team you grew up with, has turned from great to mediocre to just plain untimpered lousy. Accordingly, I read the excerpt from Steve Wright's book with interest. While I fully realize that Wright tells only one side of the story and that he does little to hide his personal bias, I have followed the Giants long enough to know that the only solution left to them is not to replace a coach or the players, but somehow to replace the owner.

GARY C. HUSTON

Bloomington, Ind.

LITTLE WORLD

Sir:

As a former player of Little League baseball I was very proud of my association with the sport. Now I am saddened by the decision to out foreign competitors from the Little League World Series (SEATTLE, Nov. 25). This cut-out by the U.S. in world competition is a trend very unbecoming the "home of the brave." In the future I suggest the Little League people in Williamsport, Pa. must the term "World" from their "World Series."

JIM BAUGHER

Lebanville

ALIVE AND KICKING

Sir:

In the Eastern regional edition of your Nov. 11 issue there is a story *When Football Went To War* by Charles Emswiler. In it he calls me the late Hooks Mylin. I don't know when I was resurrected, but on Saturday, Nov. 2 I was inducted into the National Football Foundation's Hall of Fame. I am getting plenty of phone calls and letters from people wanting to know when I returned to life and why I didn't stay where I was. Will you please remedy this?

E. E. (HOOKS) MYLIN

Lancaster, Pa.

• For a look at Hooks as he materialized during Hall of Fame induction ceremonies last month, see below.—ED.



VIKING STYLE

Sir:

I couldn't believe Don Jenkins' original article on Green Bay's so-called upset in Minnesota (*Lost a Job for the Vikes*, Nov. 25). Jenkins wrote about everything from Bud Grant going duck hunting in his casual Fran Tarkenton looked dressed in a turtle-neck and drinking a black-cherry soda in the locker room. I think Jenkins forgot that the yawn, ho-hum Packers beat one of the best teams in football, 19-7, and were inside the Vikings' 10-yard line four times.

GUINN SWAIN

Proctorville, Ohio

Sir:

There's much chance of the Vikings becoming nonchalant about losing to the Packers as there is of the black-and-blue division turning pink and white.

AL PORTLANDER

Neenah, Wis.

Sir:

Congratulations to Don Jenkins for his standout article on the Vikes. He depicted the attitude of most professional athletes today. Except for a rare few, they are more concerned with their paychecks than the sport in which they are competing. Jenkins' article points out the apathy of the Vikings, although most teams are guilty of it. All professional sports would benefit if the competitors would stop thinking that being an athlete is a nine-to-five job.

JOEL CHARBONE

Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Sir:

Don Jenkins has a talent for transmitting the news and at the same time imparting a very gratifying sense of humor.

C. ROBERT SWANICK, M.D.

Fresno, Calif.

TOP RIDER

Sir:

Speaking for ourselves and fellow equestrians, we must commend you on your bringing to the spotlight the one and only Dennis Murphy (*4 Coaster Bays Has Them Jumping*, Nov. 25). He is, without the slightest doubt, the best in the business, sporting a natural ability that has to be seen to be believed. His competitiveness, whether in winning or in losing, is in accordance with that of the true sportsman. Knowing the quality of his performances and the graciousness of his character, we feel confident in saying that there will be many more "Poissonne" victories in come.

C. UELAND and MEREDITH BASS

Farmington, Conn.

continued

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18TH HOLE

FACING DRYDEN

Sir:

The article *Ken Dryden on Trial* (Nov. 25) is just another indication of your bias toward the old, established clubs in the NHL. The only way Dryden "lit up the ice" during the three games described was when the red light flashed after each of the 11 goals he allowed. The Flyers and the Kings have far superior goaltenders in Bernie Parent and Rogie Vachon, but Dryden gets all the copy.

Dryden is going to have to go a lot heavier on yogurt, fruit shakes, honey, apples and fruit salad if he is to approach the high performance level of Parent. Only God saves more than Bernie.

T. J. MINER

Fredericksburg, Va.

Sir:

Perhaps a more fitting picture beneath your Nov. 25 cover headline *THE COBBACK GOALIE* would have been that of Buffalo's Roger CTORR.

SCOTT SHARRER

Kenmore, N.Y.

Sir:

Mark Mulvoy's superb article was one more plus for SI. I am from Boston and love my Bruins, and from that standpoint I am anti-Ken Dryden. But from a hockey standpoint, I respect and admire his opinions, his class and, most of all, his skills. "Octopus," as Dryden is affectionately known by Boston fans, has more than once stopped the Boston scoring machine. And he has not lost his touch, as was proved Thursday, Nov. 14 when he practically singlehandedly thwarted Boston, 4-1. Boston has a lot of ground to make up, with Buffalo rolling along in first place, but it will probably be to no avail if we have to face Dryden.

JOHN TRAINOR

Saugus, Mass.

PRIZE ROOKIE

Sir:

A rookie from the University of Florida named Nat Moore, who has been playing for the Miami Dolphins this season, was not included in Ron Reid's article *Buyer Bear for a Robust Crop* (Nov. 18). If you are still unsure who Moore is, please check the balloting for Rookie of the Year; he'll be the one with Moore votes than 50% of the players mentioned.

TOM DOLVIN

Delray Beach, Fla.

TERMS, EVERYONE

Sir:

John Underwood's article *Now Everybody Has the Big* (Nov. 11), which quite appropriately focused attention on this nation's fastest-rising sport, may nevertheless have misled some into believing that tennis re-

continued

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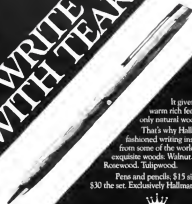
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18TH HOLE *continued*

quites its participants to expend vast sums to equip and attire themselves for the game Underwood writes: "When he slips into his \$26 Head double-knit shorts and \$28 Adidas shoes, and she into her \$75 Guesi ballerina knit with matching sweater (lace panties optional), and they pack their \$50 Guesi tennis bag to go with a few fuchsia-colored \$4-a-can Penn tennis balls with their \$145 Chernold graphite rackets, the tennis couple will have made a staggering contribution to style as well as commerce."

Maybe so, but when my wife and I head for the courts, it's more like this: I slip into my \$7.95 Sears double-knit shorts and my \$8.95 Converse tennis shoes (bought at a discount store), and she into her \$16 J. C. Penney knit tennis dress (lace panties included), and we pack our tennis bag (23¢ books of trading stamps) to go with a few yellow-colored \$2.14 Penn tennis balls (also bought at a discount store) with our \$19.95 Wilson Autograph rackets (more discount store stuff). We, too, have made a contribution, though not staggering, to style as well as commerce. Moreover, we can enjoy the game without any fear whatsoever of our bank's foreclosing on us, which may not be the case in the instance of the fictionalized couple depicted by Mr. Underwood.

KELLY W. MITCHELL

Emporia, Va.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

I nominate Gordie Howe for Sportsman of the Year. At 46, Howe is in the second season of his hockey comeback, which thus far has been nothing short of brilliant, especially his magnificent performance against the U.S.S.R. I wonder where Phil Esposito, Bobby Orr, Rick MacKenzie and Bobby Clarke will be when they reach that age.

DEW SNIDER

West Vancouver, British Columbia

Sir:

Dr. J

JAMES MICHAEL SCOTT

Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:

Eddy Merckx.

KENTON SHERRY

Haslet, Mich.

Sir,

Laffie Pincay.

ISRAEL GOODMAN

Louisville

Sir,

What better qualification than to be the best in the world in a sport that is played in more than 120 countries. Johan Cruyff!

DAVID KING

Buffalo

continued

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Look inside: An Amana Radarange is stainless steel—won't lose its lustre. Won't scratch, tarnish or rust. The window is tempered glass—won't scratch. The broiler tray is special borosilicate tempered glass—not just a flat plate. You can cook meats and other foods directly on it... juices run off into the special well around it.

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SETH HOLE

Sir:

I nominate a soccer player who has broken many of the immortal Pele's records in World Cup action and who scored the deciding goal in more than 20 of his country's World Cup games, including this year's 2-1 final against Holland—Mr. Clutch, Der Bomber, Gerd Muller of West Germany.

PATRICK FISHER

Houston

BROOD-FLY PIE

Sir:

Your item "Gut Check" in SEPTORIAN of the Sept. 23 issue was of special interest to me. From 1930 through 1934 I was in the Maine woods nearly every day, winter and summer, working, hunting or fishing. During those years I was in many of the wilderness places from the Penobscot River east to New Brunswick.

To a woodsman the word "flies" can include blackflies, deerflies, moose flies, mosquitoes and midges, the punkie, no-see-ums or little hot feet of the Northern Indians. Stewart Edward White devoted an entire chapter to flies in his book *The Forest* (1904). And he had much firsthand experience as he explored and tramped the wilderness of northern Ontario all the way to Hudson Bay.

While using both hands to land a fighting fish, I have had blackflies bite where the hat beam touched my forehead until blood ran down my face. But the blackfly holds still to be killed. He works the daylight shift, the mosquito operates around the clock. My experience with flies agrees with Dr. Ivan McDunnell's findings—every man must experiment until he finds the repellent that works best for him, from the thickest paste to the oils and modern sprays.

The early woodsman, timber cruiser or lumberjack made his own fly repellent from pine tar and lard, for a very good reason. The lard was readily available from the cook at the lumber camp, and the pine tar came from the blacksmith's, where it was used to heal the cuts and scrapes on the horses. Each man could make the repellent to his individual taste—too little tar would not ward off the flies, too much burned the skin. It is a nasty mess and has been called many vile names by those who use it or eschew it. But it has a redeeming feature. Pine tar reduces much of the poison sting of the inevitable bites.

Pine tar and lard will provide the same kind of impenetrable glaze as the deer blood of Alaska, but you won't like it. Anyway, deer should not be shot in Maine during fly season.

CAVIN S. BORTHEWICK

Glen Ridge, N.J.

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